Newport Mercury.
THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.
HOPE

VOLUME CLII.---NO. 22. NEWPORT, R. I., NOVEMBER 6, 1909. WHOLE NUMBER 8,507.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Beakhust, President; Fred Hull, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Maccabees—Robert D. Wilkey, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allan, President; Patrick F. Reynolds, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss Margaret Shea, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwarz, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; James G. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening was a short one, this being partially due perhaps to interest in the result of the election. Alderman Shepley, president of the board, presided in the absence of Mayor Boyle. There was little business to be considered.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Police,	$100 25
Books, stationery and printing,	84 21
Fire department,	851 29
City Asylum,	633 79
Streets and Highways,	2,129 72
Streets and bitulithic pavement	22 70
Ward meetings	382 45
Public schools,	11,705 80
Public schools, Ellen Townsend fund,	27 97
Lighting streets,	3,140 91
Burial grounds,	50 00
Health department,	1,183 81
Public buildings,	749 02
Paupers and vagrants,	258 80
Incidentals,	834 96
Indexing records,	1 75
Newport's sick,	138 00
Tuberculosis cases	187 60
Street signs,	18 50
Touro Synagogue fund,	33 33
Touro street fund	25 97
	$22,596 71

Several monthly reports were received. The resolution appropriating $350 for a sea wall at Battery Park was referred to Aldermen Albro and Mahoney for a report. A petition for an incandescent light on Rhode Island avenue was granted.

There was a brief session of the board on Thursday evening, when the weekly payrolls were approved. Alderman Kelly was elected president pro tem, and will be acting Mayor for a few days during the illness of Mayor Boyle and the absence of Alderman Shepley in New York.

The dates for canvassing the voting lists for the city election in December were fixed for November 24 at 8 p. m., and December 1 at 10 a. m.

There will be a street parade of the battalion of naval apprentices from the Training Station in Newport next Thursday afternoon, weather permitting. There are now about 1700 boys at the station, and the parade should be one of the largest ever seen here. Soon after that date a draft of about 800 boys will be sent to join the Atlantic fleet.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ethel Wilson Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Wilson Reid of New York, and Mr. Harold F. Gilpin, son of the veteran correspondent, Mr. John Gilpin of this city. Mr. Gilpin holds an important position with the Royal Baking Powder Company in New York. The wedding will take place in the near future.

New Haven Takes Wickford.

The MERCURY last week stated that it was believed to be the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad that was the real purchaser of the Wickford Line which was sold at mortgagee's sale on Thursday. This has proved to be the fact and the railroad company will assume charge of the property and will begin operating it at once, beginning to-day. It had been reported around quite frequently before the sale that the New Haven road would buy the property but this report had been consistently denied. In fact the road had apparently given up all interest in the Wickford Line, and had made preparations to care for the traffic from Newport to New York in another way in the event that that Line should be discontinued. The New Haven road had even gone so far as to put on three extra trains between Newport and Fall River to make close connections at Providence for the through trains to New York. This route was found not to be popular and also proved to be quite expensive to run.

At the last moment therefore the management of the New Haven decided to make a radical change and when the auction of the Wickford line took place a representative of the company stood beside the bidder for the bondholders and consulted with him on the sale. A few days afterwards President Mellen made official announcement that the New Haven had secured the Wickford Line and would operate it, the principal reason given being for the sake of accommodating the Newport travel.

It is announced that the new purchaser will assume control of the property to-day. Under this management there should be a new era for this property. The railroad can probably operate the line at less cost than anybody else, and can also give better service. It is understood that there will be extensive improvements made, including a complete overhauling of the railroad track between Wickford Junction and Wickford landing. Better locomotives will probably be used and the entire equipment will in all probability be as good as that used on the New Haven system for under that management it would be used interchangeably. The rates will be reduced at once to the regular New Haven price of two cents per mile. The railroad portion of the system becomes a part of the New Haven proper while the operation of the steamer General will be turned over to the New England Navigation Company.

Whether or not the new management will furnish the same running schedule through the winter months as at present is not known. It is probable that they will desire to operate it as economically as possible, for at the best there is no money in it during the winter season. It would seem, however, as if the New Haven ought to be able to run the line without a loss, taking the year as an average, and if the mail contract is ever recovered by this line, financial matters ought to be easy.

The following statement regarding the purchase was given out by President Mellen a few days ago:—The purchase of the property of the Newport & Wickford Railroad & Steamboat Company at foreclosure sale was for the account of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company. For a long time the directors and officials were averse to making such purchase, and only decided upon the same on Wednesday of this week, believing the abandonment of the line the best for all interests, as it is impossible to make the same pay. But after attempting to revise the service by way of Providence, to accommodate the travel to and from Newport, it was found impossible to accomplish this to the satisfaction of the public interested, or at any reasonable expenditure, and it felt forced to assume the burden of a continuance of the line by way of Wickford as the only recourse. The decision to purchase was very reluctantly made, and only within 24 hours of the time set for the sale. The operation of the line cannot be made profitable, but its abandonment meant great inconvenience to many dependent upon the New Haven, and their solicitations prevailed.

The above is in explanation of the previously declared intention of the officers of the company that the New Haven would not buy, which was the position of the company up to within 24 hours of the sale of the property.

Mayor Patrick J. Boyle was operated upon on Tuesday for a trouble which has bothered him for some little time. The operation was performed by Dr. Stewart, assisted by Dr. Ramsay, at his residence on Mary street. The patient is getting along as well as could be expected.

Former Ambassador and Mrs. Henry White are expected to arrive at their Newport residence in a few days, being now on their way from Europe. Their Newport cottage was occupied during the summer by Mrs. Smith Hollins McKim.

Mrs. A. C. Titus spent a few days in Newport during the early part of the week, going from here to New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. Hanson. Later she will return to her winter home in North Haverhill, N. H.

Another Republican Victory.

Newport Supports All Republican Nominees, and General Assembly Delegation Receives Increased Majorities—Quiet Day in the City.

In common with the rest of the State Newport on Tuesday returned almost unprecedented majorities for the entire Republican ticket, including Governor Pothier and the nominees on the general State ticket as well as the members of the Newport delegation to the General Assembly. Although the total vote was small, owing to the apathy that has been quite pronounced during the whole campaign, the majorities in Newport were on the average higher than a year ago, when the Presidential election was supposed to bring out the whole Republican vote. Voting came so slowly during the afternoon of the election that it was quite difficult to form a conclusion as to how the result would be, and the unusually large majorities came as a considerable surprise to many of the party workers.

There was considerable interest taken in the liquor question and much work was put in by the advocates of license, although it was not thought for a moment that there could be any real question as to the outcome. Newport voted for the granting of licenses as usual by a vote of more than three to one.

All the amendments to the constitution were carried in this city, the amendment providing the veto power for the Governor being the most popular. The State loan for the improvement of the harbors up the State was also carried.

It was really a very quiet day in Newport. The weather in the morning was fine, clear and balmy, just what is generally regarded as "good Republican weather." In the early hours a fairly good vote was recorded, but it was soon found that it was running behind that of last year. The party workers hustled during the afternoon to get the voters out and their efforts bore fruit, but the weather had changed to a disagreeable rain and there were not so many people on the streets. It was very quiet around the polls all day, and except for the carriages and the workers around the voting places there was very little evidence that an election was taking place.

The saloons in the city were closed throughout the day in accordance with the law. In consequence there was very little drunkenness on the streets and there was absolutely no disorder nor excitement.

Governor Pothier ran especially strong in Newport, which speaks well for his personal popularity here. He ran well ahead of the other nominees on the general ticket, even General Treasurer Read, and secured a majority in every ward except the fifth. The fourth ward cast a small majority against all the Republican nominees on the legislative ticket, except Mr. Beeckman who secured a majority of 33 there. The fifth ward was of course strongly Democratic by reduced figures over previous years.

The vote in the city was as follows:

Governor.

	1	2	3	4	5 Total
Pothier,	383	572	424	282	206—1867
Arnold,	210	229	232	257	418—1366
White,	4	13	6	10	2— 24
Hurst,	6	4	7	8	8— 33
Holland,	4	4	2	8	4— 17
Total,					3427

Plurality for Pothier, 501.

Lieutenant Governor.

Bliss,	365	647	397	244	159—1812
Carroll,	208	224	227	283	463—1405
Greene,	4	13	5	7	1— 30
Fassell,	6	4	8	7	8— 33
Martin,	2	4	3	1	8— 18
Total,					3292

Plurality for Bliss, 407.

Secretary of State.

Parker,	374	572	401	240	159—1828
Fitzsimmons,	202	211	210	294	458—1374
Merry,	2	12	6	9	1— 29
Fletcher,	4	4	7	9	8— 32
Bowers,	8	4	2	5	2— 20
Total,					3283

Plurality for Parker, 454.

Attorney General.

Greenough,	369	549	335	241	167—1821
Williams,	205	224	228	277	441—1360
Peabody,	2	11	6	8	1— 20
Theinert,	5	4	8	9	7— 25
Semonof,	2	4	2	2	1— 9
Total,					3266

Plurality for Greenough, 461.

General Treasurer.

Read,	371	651	398	238	166—1822
Walker,	199	203	205	239	453—1299
Lawton,	2	12	4	6	1— 27
Precourt,	6	4	7	8	7— 31
Linden,	2	4	3	2	2— 13
Total,					3192

Plurality for Read, 523.

Senator.

Sanborn,	375	672	401	252	174—1874
Wilmarth,	216	210	216	268	441—1369
Total,					3243

Plurality for Sanborn, 505.

First Representative.

Hassard,	375	650	405	254	204—1918
Butler,	212	204	215	279	451—1361
Total,					3273

Plurality for Hassard, 557.

Second Representative.

Franklin,	371	671	393	268	175—1881
Keenan,	213	208	210	272	463—1366
Total,					3247

Plurality for Franklin, 515.

Third Representative.

Beeckman,	350	671	410	281	235—1977
Harvey,	241	200	216	248	320—1295
Total,					3272

Plurality for Beeckman, 682.

Fourth Representative.

Kerr,	371	658	396	243	161—1839
Boyle,	212	214	208	282	465—1381
Total,					3220

Plurality for Kerr, 458.

License.

Yes,	633	641	493	453	679—2051
No,	175	261	178	107	89— 808
Total,					3159

Plurality for license, 1,842.

Re-districting Amendment.

Approve,	245	562	251	241	187—1484
Reject,	100	145	130	66	127— 583
Total,					2071

Plurality in favor, 808.

Lieutenant Governor Amendment.

Approve,	250	430	277	228	186—1371
Reject,	67	96	90	64	102— 419
Total,					1790

Plurality in favor, 952.

Veto Amendment.

Approve,	248	417	262	274	178—1382
Reject,	62	92	76	65	83— 378
Total,					1666

Plurality in favor, 949.

Harbor Loan.

Approve,	226	377	245	251	225—1325
Reject,	130	197	100	109	104— 700
Total,					2024

Plurality in favor, 624.

Mrs. Sarah H. Chase, widow of A. Manton Chase, has sold her property on Clarke street to the Trustees of the Henderson Home for the Aged Men. The house will be remodelled to some extent, and will be prepared at once for occupancy for the purpose for which it is intended. The lot has a frontage of sixty feet on Clarke street and is about 120 feet in depth. It is centrally located and is generally regarded as a good selection.

Recent Deaths.

Atherton Blight.

Mr. Atherton Blight, one of the best known of the summer residents of Newport, died at his cottage on Bellevue avenue at an early hour Thursday morning, after a very brief illness. His wife died in this city several years ago, and since that time, until this season, he had not taken a prominent part in the social entertainments of the summer colony.

Mr. Blight was a resident of Philadelphia, being a descendant of a prominent old family of that city. Some thirty years ago he first came to Newport, and was so impressed with the charm of the place that he soon afterward erected a cottage on Bellevue avenue, near Webster street, where he had since passed the summers. During the life of his wife, many fashionable affairs were held in this house, and the Blights were looked upon as leaders of the summer colony. This year he had again begun to take an interest in social affairs and had entertained considerably.

He is survived by three daughters, Lady Alice Lowther, wife of Sir Gerald Lowther of the British diplomatic service; Mrs. Edith Blight Thompson, wife of Mr. William Payne Thompson; and Mrs. Evelyn Sands, wife of Mr Mahlon A. Sands of London.

Mr. Blight was a well known figure about the city. He had resided here so long that about everybody knew him, and admired his fine appearance and conduct. He was very gentlemanly in his manners and was very popular in the summer colony.

Herbert C. Albro.

Mr. Herbert C. Albro died at his residence on Cherry street Thursday morning, after an illness which had practically confined him to his home for about three years. He was able to be out for a time during the past summer and his friends who saw him again for the first time in a long while hoped that he was improving, but the disease from which he suffered, locomotor ataxia, was incurable and of late he had failed rapidly.

Mr. Albro had long been interested in municipal affairs and for some time represented his ward in the old city council. He was a member of the common council from the first ward for four years, during one term serving as president of the council. He was then elected to the board of aldermen and served two terms in that body. He was a carpenter by trade, starting in business with his father and afterward carrying on the business himself.

He is survived by a widow, one son and two daughters; also a brother, David P. Albro, and two sisters, Mrs. William G. Stevens and Miss Laura Albro.

Mrs. Edward M. Neill has presented a valuable new clock to Trinity Church, which will take the place of the one that has been in the clock tower for many years and is now worn out. The clock has arrived in Newport and is now being set up. It will be a memorial to the donor's husband, the late Colonel Edward M. Neill.

It is announced that Mr. Robert Ives Gammell intends to make his legal residence in Newport in the future. At his request his name was removed from the voting lists in Providence, before the last election and he will probably request that his name be placed on the Newport list.

The residence of Henry W. Rankin on Everett street was sold at mortgagee's sale on Monday to Mrs. Mary F. Dowling for $4,975.

Mr. R. Livingston Beeckman has gone to the Virginia Hot Springs for a few weeks.

Superior Court.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, with Judge Stearns presiding, when there was considerable business to be considered. There was a hearing on the motion of defendant's counsel to release the attachment in the case of J. F. J. O'Connor vs. Sterling and Melcher, trustees, the argument being that such an action brought against trustees is not legal. The court allowed the other side time in which to file authorities.

In the Batonyi case, on request of Mr. Adams the default was removed, expenses to be paid by him. Later on the case of Aurel Batonyi vs. Frances Batonyi came up and a bill of particulars was ordered after some discussion by counsel.

In the divorce case of Orena F. Rose vs. Henry Alton Rose respondent was ordered to pay $7 a week for maintenance and $25 for counsel fees and $10 for witness fees. Decree was entered, as agreed by counsel, in the equity case of Joshua T. Dodge, et al., commissioners vs. C. C. Ball et al. By agreement two new trustees were appointed under the will of James A. Garland, late of Portsmouth. Fred H. Williams was appointed trustee of the Julia Ann Eckley property in Jamestown. Final decree was entered in the divorce case of Mary E. Lanahan vs. William Lanahan.

The afternoon session was devoted to a hearing on the habeas corpus proceedings brought by James W. G. Walker against his wife, Nina G. Walker, to recover custody of their four minor children. The petitioner is a civil engineer in the navy and is stationed at the Training Station where he lived with his wife until she left him, taking the children to her mother's in this city, on October 10. On the same day she filed a petition for divorce.

There were several witnesses on both sides. At the conclusion of the hearing the court decided that the children would be perfectly safe in the care of the mother until the main issue is tried later. The court did not rule that the father would not be a good guardian for the children, but could not see any reason why they should be taken from the mother. The counsel were to draw up an agreement giving the father ample opportunity to see the children pending the trial of the divorce case.

Aquidneck Chapter.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, was held on Tuesday evening, when Grand Matron Myra A. Ray was present to preside over the election and install the officers, assisted by Grand Marshal Edna G. Browning. Miss Isabella Mahan, the retiring Worthy Matron, was presented with a handsome Past Matron's jewel by Past Patron William B. Scott in behalf of the chapter.

The officers installed were as follows:
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Grace E. Smith.
Worthy Patron—Robert C. Bacheller.
Associate Matron—Mrs. Lillian K. Durfee.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary A. Allan.
Treasurer—Miss Ada F. Bliss.
Conductress—Miss Grace C. McLeish.
Associate Conductress—Mrs. Sallie Hummell.
Adah—Mrs. Frances Scannevin.
Ruth—Miss Olive Griffin.
Esther—Miss Carrie Hummell.
Martha—Miss Elsie Griffin.
Electa—Miss Jennie Crabbe.
Warden—John H. Kazanjian.
Sentinel—Edward A. G. Smith.
Chaplain—Rev. Francis M. Wetherell.
Marshal—Mrs. Marie B. Langley.
Organist—Miss Ella K. Martland.

G. A. R. Inspection.

Department Commander Francello G. Jillson of Providence, accompanied by Senior Vice Department Commander Charles H. Ewer and Junior Vice Department Commander Ezra Dixon of Bristol, paid an official visit to Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., in this city on Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance of the members to greet the visitors, including Past Department Commanders Andrew K. McMahon and William S. Milne, a number of past commanders of the post, and members of the Associates and of the Sons of Veterans.

Commander James H. Hampton extended a cordial welcome to the visitors and then a delicious clam chowder was spread to which all did ample justice. At its conclusion there were remarks by many of those present, including Comrades Jillson, Ewer and Dixon of the Department staff, Past Department Commanders McMahon and Milne, President B. F. Tanner of the Associates Past Commanders W. S. Bailey, Charles H. Clarke, and J. I. Greene, and Mr. John P. Sanborn.

The meeting was a most enjoyable one, and all had a pleasant time.

Mrs. Mary E. Cobb, who died in Taunton last week at the age of eighty-two years, was formerly a resident of Newport where her husband was engaged in business as a photographer.

Middletown.

The Town Council met as a Board of Canvassers on Friday, the 29th ult., and corrected and completed the voting lists for the election on Tuesday. The canvass was scrutinized by Joel Peckham, chairman of the Republican Town Committee, and by Joseph Chace, president of the Citizens' Association, Philip A. Brown, secretary, and by Frank T. Peckham and Joshua Coggeshall, the Association's candidate for Senator and Representative. As the canvass was about to close, Joshua B. Bacheller appeared and asked to have his name entered on the voting lists as a real estate voter. He admitted that he had been voting in Newport and that his name was still on the list of voters of that city. His request was denied. On Monday, through his counsel, Max Levy, he petitioned the Supreme Court, and obtained an order to have his name placed on the voting lists of Middletown. When completed the general list of voters included 343 names and the list on all questions 233.

In Town Council. Accounts for repairing and painting the Poor House were allowed as follows: Benjamin W. H. Peckham, for carpenter work, $9.47; Edward E. Irish, for painting, $38.75.

W. Clarence Peckham was granted an order on the town treasury for $1,725 for stoning 1000 feet of Paradise avenue.

On Tuesday, at the town meeting held all but 28 of the 343 electors qualified appeared at the town hall and voted. The voting began soon after ten o'clock and continued until five. In addition to voting for General Officers, members of the General Assembly, three amendments to the Constitution and one proposition providing for a loan for harbor improvements, the question of adopting the secret ballot in the election of town officers and that of granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors were also voted on. Comparatively few of the electors voted on the amendments to the Constitution. The chief concern was in the election of Senator, and Representative which was very close. As counted by the election officers, the vote stood thus:

For Senator—Frank T. Peckham, Citizens, 154; Charles H. Ward, Republican, 152. Plurality for Peckham, 2.

For Representative—Joel Peckham, Rep., 156; Joshua Coggeshall, Citizens, 149. Plurality for Joel Peckham, 7.

On adopting secret ballot law for town elections: Yes, 179; No, 96. Majority for, 83.

On the question of granting licenses for the sale of liquor: Yes, 48; No, 237. Majority against license, 189.

Owing to illness, Prof. Drown, of the Cambridge Theological School, was unable to preach on last Sunday, All Saints' Day, at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel and the sermon was delivered by the rector, Rev. Latta Griswold. The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Sisson was christened at the close of the service. The floral decorations were the gift of Mr. Berkeley Updike in memory of his mother.

The soliciting committee, of which Mrs. Lydia B. Chase is chairman, who are endeavoring to raise the necessary funds for the needed repairs at the Methodist Parsonage received last week a check for $50 from Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt and the same amount from the Epworth League of this church. Considerable of the stone work, in rebuilding the cellar walls, has been done by members of the parish who are helping in every way possible to lessen the expense.

But two days of school were held this week in Middletown: Tuesday, voting day, has been made a holiday, and on Thursday and Friday the teachers were in Providence in attendance at the annual session of Teachers' Institute.

The members of the Ronkonkoma Dramatic Club, which will present "The Time of his Life" on November 26, are rehearsing twice a week at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Farnum in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham will start early next month for Eustis, Florida, to spend the winter.

Mrs. J. Overton Peckham has joined her husband in Agawam, Mass., where he is engaged with the Lane Construction Company in road building.

Mrs. William Hughes will entertain the ladies of Holy Cross Guild at an all day quilting bee next Wednesday.

On Thursday next Aquidneck Grange will hold a harvest festival, in charge of Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, Miss Eliza M. Peckham and Mrs. William Spooner.

Mr. W. H. Chaplu, secretary of the Newport Y. M. C. A., will be the principal speaker at the Rally Day at the Methodist Church on Sunday.

The papers presented before the Paradise Reading Club this week were "A Trip to the Yosemite Valley," by Mrs. Restcom S. Peckham, and "Yellowstone Park to Seattle," by Miss Lizzie T. Peckham.

Misses Winnebell and Ardelia Peckham, T. Grace Anthony, and Amy Barker, students at the R. I. Normal School, are spending a few days at home.

The public schools of the city were closed on Thursday and Friday of this week, in order that the teachers might attend the sessions of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction in Providence. There was a large attendance.

Governor Pothier has announced that he will re-appoint the present members of his personal staff for another year. Col. Edward A. Sherman of this city is one of the number.

Mr. Benjamin J. Whitten, superintendent of the Newport station of the New York Yacht Club, has gone to Florida to spend the winter as usual.

Mr. John D. Dixon, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is slowly improving.

The representative council meets next Monday night.

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER VII.

THE BROWNES ARRIVE.

CONTRARY to all expectations, the Brownes arrived the next morning. The Deppinghams and their miserably frightened servants were scarcely out of bed when Saunders came in with the news that a steamer was standing off the shallow harbor. Bowles had telephoned up that the American claimant was on board.

The deepest gloom pervaded the household when Lady Deppingham discovered that not one of their retinue knew how to make coffee or broil bacon—not that she cared for bacon, but that his lordship always asked for it when they did not have it.

Bromley upset the last peg of endurance by hoping that the Americans were bringing a cook and a housemaid with them.

"The Americans always travel like lords," she concluded, forgetting that she served a lord and not in the least intending to be ironical.

"That will do, Bromley," said her mistress sharply. "If they're like most Americans I've seen they'll have nothing but wet nurses and chauffeurs. I can't eat this vile stuff. Come on, Deppy. Let's go up and watch the approach of the enemy."

Scarcely half an hour passed before the advance guard of the Browne company came into view at the park gates below. Deppingham recalled the fact that an hour and a half had been consumed in the accomplishment yesterday. He was keeping a sharp lookout for the magic red jacket and the Tommy Atkins lid. Quite secure from observation, he and his wife watched the forerunners with the hand bags; then came the sweating trunk bearers and then crated objects in—what? Yes, by the Lord Harry, in the very carts that had been their private chariots the day before!

Deppingham's wrath did not really explode until the two were gazing open mouthed upon Robert Browne and his wife and his maidservants and his ass, for that was the name which his lordship subsequently applied, with no moderation, to the unfortunate gentleman who served as Mr. Browne's attorney. The Americans were being swiftly, cozily carried to their new home in litters of oriental comfort and elegance, fanned vigorously from both sides by eager boys. First came the Brownes, eager faced, bright eyed, alert young people, far better looking than their new enemies could conscientiously admit under the circumstances; then the lawyer from the States; then a pert young lady in a pink shirt waist and a sailor hat; then two giggling, utterly un-English maids, and all of them lolling in luxurious ease. The red jacket was conspicuously absent.

It is not to be wondered at that his lordship looked at his wife, gulped in sympathy and then said something memorable.

Almost before they could realize what had happened the newcomers were chattering in the spacious halls below, tramping about the rooms and giving orders in high, though apparently efficacious voices. Close at their heels trooped the servants, all of whom took part in the discussion incident to fresh discoveries. At last they came upon the great balcony, pausing just outside the French windows to exclaim anew in their delight.

"Great!" said the lawyer man after a full minute. "Finest I've ever seen! Isn't it a picture, Browne?"

"Glorious!" said young Mr. Browne, taking a long breath. The Deppinghams, sitting unobserved, saw that he was a tall, good looking fellow. They were unconscionably amused when he suddenly reached out and took his wife's hand in his big fingers. She was very trim and cool looking in her white duck.

"What does Baedeker say about it, Bobby?" asked Mrs. Browne. Her voice was very soft and full—the quiet, well modulated Boston voice and manner.

The pert girl in the pink waist opened a small portfolio, while the others gathered around her. She read therefrom. The lawyer drew a compass from his pocket and pointed vaguely into what proved to be the southwest.

"We must tell Lady Deppingham not to take the rooms at this end," was the next thing that the listeners heard from Mrs. Browne's lips. Her ladyship turned upon her husband with a triumphant sniff.

"What did I tell you," she whispered. "I knew they'd want the best of everything. Isn't it lucky I pounced upon these rooms? They shan't turn us out. You won't let 'em, will you, Deppy?"

"The impudence of 'em!" was all that Deppy could sputter.

At that moment the American party caught sight of the pair in the corner. For a brief space of time the two parties stared at each other, very much as the hunter and the hunted look when they come face to face without previous warning. Then a friendly, half abashed smile lighted Browne's face.

"I beg your pardon," said Browne. "This is Lord Deppingham?"

"Ya-as," drawled Deppy, with a look which was meant to convey the impression that he did not know who the deuce he was addressing.

"Permit me to introduce myself. I am Robert Browne."

"Oh," said Deppy, as if that did not convey anything to him. Then, as an afterthought, "Glad to know you, I'm sure." Still he did not rise, nor did he extend his hand. For a moment young Browne waited, a dull red growing in his temples.

"Don't you intend to present me to Lady Deppingham?" he demanded bluntly without taking his eyes from Deppy's face.

"Oh—er—is that neces"—

"Lady Deppingham," interrupted Browne, "I am Robert Browne, the man you are expected to marry. We are here for the same purpose, I suspect. We can't be married to each other. That's out of the question. But we can live together as if we"—

"Good Lord!" roared Deppy, coming to his feet in a towering rage. Browne smiled apologetically and lifted his hand.

—"as if we were serving out the prescribed period of courtship set down in the will. Believe me, I am very happily married, as I hope you are. The courtship, you will perceive, is neither here nor there. Our every issue is identical, Lady Deppingham. Doesn't it strike you that we will be very foolish if we stand alone and against each other?"

"My solicitor"— began Lady Deppingham and then stopped. She was smiling in spite of herself.

"Your solicitor and mine can get together and talk it over," said Browne blandly. "We'll leave it to them. I am quite ready to be a friendly ally, not a foe."

"Let me understand you," began Deppingham, cooling off suddenly. "Do you mean to say that you are not going to fight us in this matter?"

"Not at all, your lordship," said Browne coolly. "I am here to fight Taswell Skaggs and John Wyckholme, deceased. I think both of us will run no risk if we smash the will. If we don't smash it the islanders will cheerfully take the legacy off our hands."

"By Jove!" muttered Deppy, looking at his wife.

"Thank you, Mr. Browne, for being so frank with us," she said coolly. "If you don't mind, I will consult my solicitor." She bowed ever so slightly, indicating that the interview was at an end and, moreover, that it had not been of her choosing.

"Any time, your ladyship," said Browne, also bowing. "I think Mrs. Browne wants to speak to you about the rooms."

"We are quite settled, Mr. Browne, and very well satisfied," she said pointedly, turning red with a fresh touch of anger.

"I trust you have not taken the rooms at this end."

"We have. We are occupying them."

"I'm sorry," said Browne. "We were warned not to take them. They are said to be unbearable when the hot winds come in October."

"What's that?" demanded Deppingham.

"The book of instructions and description which we have secured, sets all that out," said the other. "It's strange that the servants didn't warn you."

"The—the confounded servants left us yesterday before we came, every mother's son of 'em. There isn't a servant on the place."

"What? You don't mean it? I say, Britt, come here a moment, will you? Lord Deppingham says the servants have struck."

The American lawyer, a chubby, red faced man of forty, with clear gray eyes and a stubby mustache, whistled soulfully.

"I'll see what I can do, Mr. Browne. Got to have cooks, eh, Lord Deppingham?" Without waiting for an answer he dashed off. The native carriers were leaving the grounds when Britt's shrill whistle brought them to a standstill. The lawyer waved a triumphant hand to his friends and then climbed into one of the litters to be borne off in the direction of the town.

"He'll have the servants back at work before 2 o'clock," said Browne calmly. Deppingham was transfixed with astonishment.

"How—how the devil do you—does he bring 'em to time like that?" he murmured. He afterward said that if he had had Saunders there at that humiliating moment he would have kicked him.

"They're afraid of the American battleship," said Browne.

"But where is the American battleship?" demanded Deppingham, looking wildly to sea.

"They understand that there will be one here in a day or two if we need it," said Browne, with a sly grin. "That's the bluff we've worked." He looked around for his wife and, finding that she had gone inside, politely waved his hand to the Englishman and followed.

At 3 o'clock Britt returned with the recalcitrant servants—or at least the "pick" of them, as he termed the score he had chosen from the hundred or more. He seemed to have an Aladdin-like effect over the horde.

Calmly taking Lord Deppingham and his following into his confidence, he said, in reply to their indignant remonstrances, later on in the day:

"I know that an American man-o'-war hasn't any right to fire upon British possessions, but you just keep quiet and let well enough alone. They just simply know that I can send wireless messages and that a cruiser would be out there tomorrow if necessary, pegging away at these green hills with cannon balls so big that there wouldn't be anything left but the horizon in an hour or two. You let me do the talking. I've got 'em bluffed, and I'll keep 'em that way."

Over in the gorgeous west wing Lord Deppingham later on tried to convince his sulky little wife that the Americans were an amazing lot, after all. Bromley tapped at the door.

"Tea is served in the hanging garden, my lady," she announced. Her mistress looked up in surprise, red eyed and a bit disheveled.

"Ask some one to bring the tea things in here, Bromley," she said sternly. "Besides, I want to give some orders. We must have system here, not Americanisms."

The tea things did not come in. In their stead came pretty Mrs. Browne.

"Won't you please join Mr. Browne and me in that dear little garden? It's so cool up there, and it must be dreadfully warm here. Really, you should move at once into Mr. Wyckholme's old apartments, across the court from ours. They are splendid. But now do come and have tea with us."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S.

IT was quite forty-eight hours before the Deppinghams surrendered to the Brownes. They were obliged to humbly admit in the seclusion of their own councils that it was to the obnoxious but energetic Britt that they owed their present and ever growing comfort.

Late in the afternoon of the day following the advent of the Brownes, Lord and Lady Deppingham were laboriously fanning themselves in the midst of their stifling Marie Antoinette elegance.

"By Jove, Aggy, it's too beastly hot here for words," growled he for the hundredth time. "I think we'd better move into your grandfather's rooms."

"Now, Deppy, don't let the Brownes talk you into everything they suggest," she complained, determined to be stubborn to the end. "They know entirely too much."

"That's all very good, my dear, but you know quite as well as I that we made a frightful mistake in choosing these rooms. It is cooler on that side of the house. I'm not too proud to be comfortable, don't you know."

The next day they moved into the west wing, and that evening they had the Brownes to dine with them in the banquet hall. Deppingham awoke in the middle of the night with violent cramps in his stomach.

"Don't say a word to Lady Deppingham," he grunted, sitting up in bed and gazing wildly at his valet, "but I've been poisoned. The — servants—ouch!—don't you know! Might have known. Silly ass! See what I mean? Get something for me—quick!"

For two hours Antoine applied hot water bags and soothing sirups, and his master, far from dying as he continually prophesied, dropped off into a peaceful sleep.

The next morning Deppingham, fully convinced that the native servants had tried to poison him, unconditionally discharged the entire force.

Of course there was a great upheaval. Lady Agnes came tearing down to the servants' hall, followed directly by the Brownes and Mr. Britt.

"Stop!" she cried. "Deppy, what are you doing? Discharging them, after we've had such a time getting them? Are you crazy?"

"They're a pack of snakes—I mean sneaks. They're assassins. They tried to poison every one of us last"—

Britt smoothed the troubled waters with astonishing ease. The servants returned to their duties, but not without grumbling and no end of savage glances, all of which were leveled at the luckless Deppingham.

"Why poison?" demanded Britt. "They've got knives and guns, haven't they?"

"My dear man, that would put them to no end of trouble cleaning up after us," said Deppingham loftily.

Meanwhile it may be well to depict the situation from the enemy's point of view—the enemy being the islanders as a unit. They were prepared to abide by the terms of the will so long as it remained clear to them that fair treatment came from the opposing interests. Rasula, the Arratat lawyer, in mass meeting had discussed the document. They understood its requirements and its restrictions; they knew by this time that there was small chance of the original beneficiaries coming into the property under the provisions. Later came the news that marriage between the heirs was out of the question. Then the islanders laughed as they toiled. But they were not to be caught napping. Jacob von Blitz, the superintendent, stolid German that he was, saw far into the future. It was he who set the native lawyer unceremoniously aside and urged competent representation in London. The great law firm headed by Sir John Brodney was chosen. A wide awake representative of the distinguished solicitors was now on his way to the island with the swarthy committee which had created so much interest in the metropolis during its brief stay.

Jacob von Blitz came to the island when he was twenty years old. That was twenty years before the death of Taswell Skaggs. He had worked in the South African diamond fields and had no difficulty in securing employment with Skaggs and Wyckholme.

Von Blitz was shrewd enough to see that the grandchildren were not coming to the island for the mere pleasure of sojourning there; their motive was plain. It was he who advised—even commanded—the horde of servants to desert the chateau.

He lived, with his three wives, in the hills just above and south of the town itself. The Englishmen who worked in the bank and the three Boer foremen also had houses up there, where it was cooler, but Von Blitz was the only one who practiced polygamy. His wives were Persian women and handsome after the Persian fashion.

One hot, dry afternoon about a week after the reopening of the chateau, the siesta of a swarthy population was disturbed by the shouts of those who kept impatient watch of the sea. Five minutes later the whole town of Arratat knew that the smoke of a steamer lay low on the horizon. No one doubted that it came from the stack of the boat that was bringing Rasula and the English solicitor. Joy turned to exultation when the word came down from Von Blitz that it was the long looked for steamship, the Sir Joshua.

Von Blitz stood at the landing place to welcome Rasula and his comrades and to be the first to clasp the hand of the man from Brodney's.

At last his figure could be made out on the forward deck. His straw hat was at least a head higher than the turban of Rasula, who was indicating to him the interesting spots in the hills.

"He's big," commented Von Blitz comfortably, more to himself than to his neighbor. "And young," he added a few minutes later. Bowles, standing at his side, offered the single comment:

"Good looking."

As the tall stranger stepped from the boat to the pier Von Blitz turned a look of triumph upon Britt, who had elbowed through the crowd a moment before and was standing close by.

The newcomer was an American!

* * * * * * *

"I've sighted the enemy," exclaimed Bobby Browne, coming up from Neptune's pool—the largest of the fountains. His wife and Lady Deppingham were sitting in the cool retreat under the hanging garden. "Would you care to have a peek at him?"

"I should think so," said his wife, jumping to her feet. "He's been on the island three days, and we haven't had a glimpse of him. Come along, Lady Deppingham."

Lady Deppingham arose reluctantly, stifling a yawn.

They had come to call the new American lawyer "the enemy." No one knew his name or cared to know it, for that matter. Bowles in answer to the telephone inquiries of Saunders said that the new solicitor had taken temporary quarters above the bank and was in hourly consultation with Von Blitz, Rasula and others. Much of his time was spent at the mines. Later on, it was commonly reported, he was to take up his residence in Wyckholme's deserted bungalow far up on the mountain side in plain view from the chateau.

Life at the chateau had not been allowed to drag. The white servants had become good friends despite the natural disdain that the trained English expert feels for the unpolished American domestic.

Miss Pelham, the stenographer from West Twenty-third street, had set her cap for the unsuspecting Mr. Saunders. She had learned in the wisdom of her sex that he was fancy free. Mr. Saunders, fully warned against the American typewriter girl as a class, having read the most shocking jokes at her expense in the comic papers, was rather shy at the outset, but Britt gallantly came to Miss Pelham's defense and ultimate rescue by emphatically assuring Saunders that she was a perfect lady, guaranteed to cause uneasiness to no man's wife.

"But I have no wife," quickly protested Saunders, turning a dull red.

"The devil!" exclaimed Britt, apparently much upset by the revelation.

But of this more anon.

* * * * * * *

Browne conducted the two young women across the drawbridge and to the sunlit edge of the terrace, where two servants awaited them with parasols.

"There he is! See him?" almost whispered Browne, as if the solitary, motionless figure at the foot of the avenue was likely to hear his voice and be frightened away.

The enemy was sitting serenely on one of the broad iron benches just inside the gates to the park, his arms stretched out along the back, his legs extended and crossed. It was quite apparent that he was lazily surveying the chateau, puffing with consistent ease at the cigarette which drooped from his lips.

"Mr. Britt was right," said Mrs. Browne irrelevantly. She was peering at the stranger through the binoculars. "He is very good looking."

"And you from Boston, too," scoffed Lady Deppingham. Mrs. Browne flushed and smiled deprecatingly.

"Wonder what he's doing here in the grounds?" puzzled Browne.

"It's plain to me that he is resting his audacious bones," said her ladyship, glancing brightly at her colegatee.

Three men were approaching by the path which led down from the far-away stables. Browne recognized the dark skinned men as servants in the chateau—the major domo, the chef and the master of the stables.

"Lord Deppingham must have sent them down to pitch him over the wall," he said, with an excited grin.

"Impossible! My husband is hunting for sapphires in the ravine back of"—She did not complete the sentence.

The enemy was greeting the statuesque natives with a friendliness that upset all calculations. It was evident that the meeting was prearranged. There was no attempt at secrecy. The conference, whatever its portent, had the merit of being quite aboveboard. In the end the tall solicitor, lifting his helmet with a gesture so significant that it left no room for speculation, turned and sauntered through the broad gateway and out into the forest road. The three servants returned as they had come, by way of the bridle path along the wall.

"The nerve of him!" exclaimed Browne. "That graceful attention was meant for us. I'll have Britt interview those fellows at once. Our kitchen, our stable and our domestic discipline are threatened."

They hastened to the chateau and regaled the resourceful Britt with the disquieting news.

That evening he dragged the reluctant Saunders into the privacy of the

The enemy was sitting serenely on one of the iron benches.

hanging garden and deliberately interrupted the game of bridge which was going on.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Britt, calmly dropping into a chair near by, "this place is full of spies."

"Spies!" cried four voices in unison. Mr. Saunders nodded a plaintive apology.

"Yes, sir, every native servant here is a spy. That's what the enemy was here for today. I've analyzed the situation and I'm right. Ain't I, Mr. Saunders? Of course I am. He came here to tell 'em what to do and how to report our affairs to him. See? Moreover, he's getting the evidence of everybody to prove that Skaggs and Wyckholme were men of sound mind up to the hour of their death. He has the depositions of agents and dealers in Bombay, Aden, Suez and three or four European cities, all along that line. He goes over the day's business at the bank as often as we do as agents for the executors. He knows just how many rubies and sapphires were washed out yesterday and how much they weigh. It's our business, as your agents, to scrape up everything as far back as we can go to prove that the old chaps were mentally off their base when they drew up that agreement and will. Of course if we can prove that insanity has always run through the two families it"—

"Good Lord!" gasped Browne nervously.

—"it would be a great help. If we can show that you and Mrs.—er—Lady Deppingham have queer spells occasionally, if"—

"Not for all the islands in the world," cried Lady Deppingham. "The idea! Queer spells! Please be good enough to leave me out of the insanity dodge, as you Americans call it."

"Is it necessary to make my husband insane in order to establish the fact that his grandfather was not of sound mind?" queried pretty Mrs. Browne, with her calmest Boston inflection.

"It depends on your husband," said Britt coolly. "If he sticks at anything which may help us to break that will he's certainly insane. That's all I've got to say about it."

"Well, I'm hanged if I'll pose as an insane man," roared Browne.

"Mr. Saunders hasn't asked me to be insane, have you, Mr. Saunders?" asked Lady Agnes in her sweetest scorn.

"I don't apprehend"— began Saunders nervously.

"Saunders," said Britt calculatingly and evenly, "next thing we'll have to begin hunting for insanity in your family. We haven't heard anything from you on this little point, Lord Deppingham."

"I don't know anything about Mr. Saunders' family," said Deppingham stiffly. Britt looked at him for a moment, puzzled and uncertain. Then he gave a short, hopeless laugh and said under his breath:

"Holy smoke!"

When he finally called the conference adjourned and prepared to depart he calmly turned to the stenographer.

"Did you get all this down, Miss Pelham?"

"Yes, Mr. Britt."

"Good!" Then he went away, leaving the quartet unconsciously depressed by the emphasis he placed upon that single word.

The next day but one it was announced that the enemy had moved into the bungalow. From time to time his gray, blue or white clad figure could be seen directing the operations of the natives who were engaged in rehabilitating Wyckholme's "nest."

The chateau was now under the very eye of the enemy.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMERICAN BAR.

"YOU'RE wanted at the phone, Mr. Britt," said Miss Pelham. It was late in the evening a day or two afterward. Britt went into the booth. He was not in there long, but when he came out he found that Miss Pelham had disappeared. The coincidence was significant—Mr. Saunders was also missing from his seat on the window sill at the far end of the long corridor. Britt looked his disgust and muttered something characteristic. Having no one near with whom he could communicate, he boldly set off for the hanging garden, where Deppingham had installed the long idle roulette paraphernalia.

"Say," he said without ceremony, "the enemy's in trouble. Bowles just telephoned. There's a lot of excitement in the town. I don't know what to make of it."

"Then why the devil are you break-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

ing in here with it?" growled Deppingham.

"This'll interest you, never fear. There's been a row between Von Blitz and the lawyer, and the lawyer has unmercifully thrashed Von Blitz. Good Lord, I'd like to have seen it, wouldn't you, Browne? Say, he's all right, isn't he?"

"What was it all about?" demanded Browne.

"It seems that Von Blitz is in the habit of licking his wives," said Britt. "Our friend the enemy met him this evening and told him that no white man could beat his wife, singular or plural, while he was around. Von Blitz is a big, ugly chap, and he naturally resented the interference with his divine right. He told the lawyer to go hang or something equivalent. The lawyer knocked him down. From the way Bowles tells it he must have knocked him down so incessantly in the next five minutes that Von Blitz's attempts to stand up were nothing short of a stutter. Moreover, he wouldn't let Von Blitz stab him worth a cent. Bowles says he's got Von Blitz cowed, and the whole town is walking in circles, it's so dizzy. Well, to make it short, the lawyer has got Von Blitz to hating him secretly, and the German has a lot of influence over the people. It may be uncomfortable for our good looking friend."

"If he should be in great danger down there," said her ladyship firmly—perhaps consciously—"we must offer him a safe retreat in the chateau." The others looked at her in surprise. "We can't stand off and see him murdered, you know," she qualified hastily.

The next morning a messenger came up from the town with a letter directed to Messrs. Britt and Saunders. It was from the enemy and requested them to meet him in private conference at 4 that afternoon. "I think it will be for the benefit of all concerned if we can get together," wrote the enemy in conclusion.

The messenger carried back with him a dignified response in which the counselors for Mr. Browne and Lady Deppingham respectfully declined to engage in any conference at this time.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon the entire force of native servants picked up their belongings and marched out of the chateau. The major domo, suave and deferential, gravely informed Mr. Britt that they were leaving at the instigation of their legal adviser, who had but that hour issued his instructions.

"I hope you are not forgetting what I said about the American gunboats," said Britt ponderously.

"Ah," said Baillo, with a cunning smile, "our man is also a great American. He can command the gunboats,

"Our man is a great man—next to Mohammed."

too, sahib. We have told him that you have the great power. He shows us that he can call upon the English ships as well, for he comes last from London. He can have both, while you have only one. Besides, he says you cannot send a message in the air without the wire unless he give permission. He have a little machine that catch all the lightning in the air and hold it till he reads the message. Our man is a great man—next to Mohammed."

Britt passed his hand over his brow, staggered by these statements.

"Say, he's smoother than I thought. Most men would have been —— fools enough to say that it was all poppycock about me sending wireless messages and calling out navies, but not he! And that machine for tapping the air! Say, we'd better go slow with that fellow. Shall I call him up on the phone and head off the strike?"

"Anything, Mr. Britt, to get back our servants," said Lady Deppingham, who had come up with Mrs. Browne.

When Britt reappeared after a brief stay in the telephone booth he was perspiring freely, and his face was redder, if possible, than ever before.

"He was very peremptory at first and very agreeable in the end. I said we'd come down at 4:30. He asked me to bring some cigarettes. Say, he's a strenuous chap. He wouldn't haggle for a second."

Britt and Saunders found the enemy, waiting for them under the awning in front of the bank. He looked a man from the top of his head to the tips of his canvas shoes. Every line of his long body indicated power, vitality, health. Both men were surprised by the eager, sincere manner in which he greeted them.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," he said. He was a head taller than either, coatless and hatless, a lean but brawny figure in white crash trousers. "It's very good of you to come down. If you'll come to my shack I'll mix you a real American cocktail, a mint julep, a brandy smash or anything you like in season. There's a fine mint bed up my way, just back of the bungalow. It's more precious than a ruby mine, let me tell you. And yet I'll gladly exchange 300 carats of mint, Mr. Britt, for a dozen boxes of your cigarettes. Do you know, gentlemen, I made the greatest mistake of my life in failing to bring a ton of these little white sticks out with me. I thought of Gordon gin, both kinds of vermuth, brandy, and all that sort of thing, and completely forgot the staff of life. I happen to know that you have a million packages of them, more or less, up at the chateau. My spies told me. I dare say you know that I have spies up there all the time. Don't pay any attention to them. You're at liberty to set spies on my trail at any time. Here we are. This is the headquarters for the Mine Owners' Association of Japat."

He led them down a flight of steps and into a long, cool-looking room some distance below the level of the street.

"The Mine Owners' association, gentlemen, comprises the entire population of Japat. Here is where I receive my clients. Here is where they receive their daily loaf, if you will pardon the simile. I sit in the chairs; they squat on the rugs. We talk about rubies and sapphires as if they were peanuts. Occasionally we talk about our neighbors. Shall I make three mint juleps? Here, Selim! The ice, the mint and the straws—and the bottles. Sit down, gentlemen. This is the American bar that Baedeker tells you about—the one you've searched all over Europe for, I dare say."

"Reminds me of home, just a little bit," said Britt as the tall glasses were set before them. The Englishman was still clothed in reticence. "They shan't catch me napping," was the sober reflection of Thomas Saunders.

The enemy planted the mint in its bed of chipped ice. "The sagacity that Taswell Skaggs displayed in erecting an ice plant and cold storage house here is equaled only by John Wyckholme's foresightedness in maintaining a contemporaneous mint bed. I imagine that you, gentlemen, are hoping to prove the old codgers insane. Between the three of us, and man to man, how can you have the heart to propose anything so unkind when we look, as we now do, upon the result of their extreme soundness of mind? Here's how!"

Selim passed the straws, and the three men took a long and simultaneous "pull" at the refreshing julep. Mr. Saunders felt something melt as he drew the subsequent long and satisfying breath. It was the outer rim of his cautious reserve.

"I think we'll take you up on that proposition to trade mint for cigarettes," said Mr. Britt. "Mr. Browne, my client, for one, will sanction the deal. How about your client, Saunders?"

"I can't say as to Lady Deppingham, but I'm quite sure his lordship will make no objection."

"Then we'll consider the deal closed. I'll send one of my boys over tomorrow with a bunch of mint. Telephone up to the bungalow when you need more. By the way," dropping into a curiously reflective air, "may I ask why Lady Deppingham is permitted to ride alone through the unfrequented and perilous parts of the island?" The question was directed to her solicitor.

"Perilous? What do you mean?"

"Just this, Mr. Saunders," said the enemy, leaning forward earnestly. "I'm not responsible for the acts of these islanders. There are men among them who would not hesitate to dispose of one or both of the heirs if they could do it without danger to their interests. What could be more simple, Mr. Saunders, than the death of Lady Deppingham if her horse should stumble and precipitate her to the bottom of one of those deep ravines? She wouldn't be alive to tell how it really happened."

"My word!" was all that Saunders could say, forgetting his julep in contemplation of the catastrophe.

"He's right," said Britt promptly. "I'll keep my own client on the straight and public path. He's liable to tip over too."

"Deuce take your Browne," said Saunders, with mild asperity. "He never rides alone."

"I've noticed that," said the enemy coolly. "He's usually with Lady Deppingham. It's lucky that Japat is free from gossips, gentlemen."

"Oh, I say," said Saunders, "none of that talk, you know."

"There's another thing I want to speak of," said the enemy, arising to prepare the second round of juleps. "I hear that your clients and their partners for life are in the habit of gambling like fury up there."

"Gambling?" said Britt. "What rot!"

"The servants say that they play bridge every night for vast piles of rubies and turn the wheel daily for sapphires uncountable. Oh, I get it straight."

"Why, man, it's all a joke. They use gun wads and simply play that they are rubies."

"My word," said Saunders, "there isn't a ruby or sapphire in the party."

"That's all right," said the enemy, standing before them with a bunch of mint in one hand and the bowl of ice in the other. "Every man in Japat thinks that your people are gambling with jewels that belong to the corporation. They think there's something crooked, d'ye see? My advice to you is, Stop that sort of joking."

"By Jove," said Saunders, taking a straw and at the same time staring in open mouthed wonder at the tall host, "you appall me! It's most extraordinary."

"This is all offered in a kindly spirit, you understand," said the magnanimous enemy. "We might as well live comfortably as to die unseasonably here. Another little suggestion, Mr Saunders. Please tell Lord Deppingham that if he persists in snooping about the ravines in search of rubies he'll get an unmanageable bullet in the back of his head some day soon. He has no right to a single ruby, even if he should see one and know what it was. Just tell him that, please, Mr. Saunders."

"I shall, confound him," exploded Saunders, smiting the table mightily. "He's too uppish anyhow. He needs taking down."

"Ah, Selim," interrupted the enemy as the native boy entered, "no mail, eh?"

"No, excellency, the ship is not due to arrive for two weeks."

"Ah, but, Selim, you forget that I am expecting a letter from Von Blitz's wives. They promised to let me know how soon he is able to resume work at the mines."

"I hear you polished him off neatly," said Britt, with a grin.

"Just the rough edges, Mr. Britt. He is now a gem of purest ray serene. By the way, I hope you'll not take my mild suggestions amiss."

"There's nothing I object to except your power to call strikes among our servants. That seems to me to be rather high handed," said Britt good naturedly.

"No doubt you're right," agreed the other, "but you must remember that I needed the cigarettes."

"My word!" muttered Saunders admiringly.

"Look here, old man," said Britt, his cheeks glowing; "it's mighty good of you to take this trouble for"—

"Don't mention it. I'd only ask in return that we three be a little more sociable hereafter. We're not here to cut each other's throat, you know, and we've got a deadly half year ahead of us. What say?"

For answer the two lawyers arose and shook hands with the excellent enemy. When they started for the chateau at 7 o'clock, each with six mint juleps about his person, they were too mellow for analysis. The enemy, who had drunk but little, took an arm of each and piloted them sturdily through the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Monkey and the Pie.

An Indian faker had a monkey that he had brought up from babyhood, says an English writer. The pair were fast friends, the monkey being a faithful attendant on his master and as good as a watchdog. One day the faker made a pie for dinner and left it to cook on a charcoal fire while he went for a walk. As the cooking proceeded the savory smell was too much for the monkey. It raised the crust and tasted the chicken. Finding the food very tasty, it ate more and more until nothing but the crust remained. Then it remembered its master, who would shortly return hungry and ready to enjoy his meal. What was to be done? The sharp eyes of the monkey detected some crows not far away, so without loss of time it lay down on the ground as if dead. By and by a crow came along and pecked at the monkey, which seized the bird in a twinkling, strangled it, stripped off the feathers, placed it in pieces in the dish, covered it over with the crust and then contentedly awaited the return of the faker, to whom the whole incident was related by an eyewitness.

Left Handed Vituperatives.

Most counties in England have their idiomatic expressions to denote left handedness, and they are often prefixed to the unfortunate left handed child's name. In London the term is kack handed, the word being also equivalent to awkward. In Lancashire it is k-pawed, in Yorkshire gallock or gawk handed, an expression dating back to at least the seventeenth century. In Derbyshire are used the terms keg handed, cork handed and corky handed, while in the Teesdale district cuddy handed is common and in Nottinghamshire wallet handed.

In the south of England special terms to denote left handedness are also found. In Dorset it is scrame handed and in Devonshire coochy handed. In Scotland we find gawk handed and in the west cawry handed. In Ireland a left handed man is called a kithogue. Tim Healy used this word in a speech at East Wicklow, in which he said that Mr. O'Kelly could fight with his left hand and had already given his opponent some "kithogues" that would spoil his political beauty during the contest.—London Chronicle.

Bursting Balloons.

The greatest danger of a high ascent in a balloon is concerned with the changing density of the atmosphere. On the ground the atmosphere presses on the balloon with a weight of about fifteen pounds for every square inch of its surface. As the balloon rises, however, the air grows thinner and its pressure becomes in consequence less and less. As the pressure of the outside atmosphere decreases the balloon expands, and if the ascension is made too rapidly or without sufficient care the gas inside the silk envelope will expand until the balloon bursts. But the bursting of a balloon in midair is by no means necessarily a fatal catastrophe. Every balloon is provided with a "ripping cord" which, when pulled, cuts a long rent in the envelope out of which the gas speedily escapes. The silk bag is then carried by the air into the upper portion of the netting, where in the majority of cases it forms a parachute and brings everything safely to earth.

Doubtful Praise.

Mr. Faxon was the oldest patron of the "select boarding house" in which he lived, and his landlady sometimes referred people to him for a recommendation of her table. His wish was to praise the food highly, as he could conscientiously do, but one day he overstepped his mark.

"I'm dyspeptic, sir," said a man who had gone to Mr. Faxon to make inquiries about the boarding house, "and my food has to be simple and well cooked—no high seasoning, no indigestible compounds."

Mr. Faxon looked at him with a bland and reassuring smile.

"My dear sir," he said in his most impressive manner, "you need have no fears. All I have eaten in the ten years I have been under Mrs. Brown's roof would not interfere with the digestion of the most delicate baby, sir, in the land."

True valor lies in the middle, between cowardice and rashness.—Cervantes.

Household Hintlets.

Do not throw away old umbrellas. By removing the cloth cover and cutting it up in strips you can make a number of dainty neckties for your husband. The ribs properly twisted and woven together make a very good rat trap, and the stick when carefully polished will do for a cane to present to the clergyman at Christmas.

To keep freckles from showing get a small paint pot, quart size, and fill with a pink paint carefully matching the tone of your complexion and with a camel's hair brush paint each freckle out.

Young wives cannot be too often reminded that they should always greet their husbands with a smile. It is safe to say that there is nothing in the world that will more deeply irritate him than this, and it should therefore not be forgotten.

If your lamp wicks give out, a very satisfactory substitute can be made of Irish point lace or valenciennes, carefully wound round the wick holder. A knitted necktie will serve the same purpose, but is apt to burn fitfully and give out a pungent odor.—Harper's Weekly.

Judges on Circuit.

It was the genius and foresight of Henry I. that saw the necessity of creating a close connection between the central king's court and the local courts up and down the land. It was Norman and wandering, going where the king went. They were Saxon and stationary; hence to link them together in 1124 a special deputation of judges was for the first time sent on circuit in the country, of whom it is recorded that they "hanged so many thieves as never was before, being in that little while altogether forty-four men."

This vigorous administration of justice by royal authority gained for Henry the title of "the lion of justice" and paved the way for the permanent institution in his grandson's reign. These traveling judges were called justices-in-eyre—i. e., in itinere, on journey. Their head, the justicier, is still seen in our title the lord chief justice.

Henry II. in 1173 fixed these circuits at six—the home, midland, eastern, western, northeastern and northern, which correspond roughly with those that still exist.—London Standard.

None of That For Them.

They had been married only a month, and it was their first experience in seeking country board. After riding ten long miles in a rattling farm cart they arrived at the door of the farmhouse.

"And now, strangers," said the old farmer after he had asked about a score of questions, "I want to tell yeou right now that down here with us yeou be supposed to go to bed with the chickens." The young man whispered to his young wife, and then both climbed back on the farm cart.

"Boy," said the young man, his lips compressed with determination, "drive us back to the station."

The freckled lad grinned and whipped up the horse.

"You uns didn't seem to like the place?" he chuckled.

"No," said the young man. "We have often read about crowded farmhouses, but when it comes to shoving us off to the henhouse that is going a little too strong. I guess we'll stay in the city."—Chicago News.

What He Could Do.

During the South African war there was a young officer just from Standhurst who was attached to General French's staff. The young fellow has himself achieved some distinction since then and shall be nameless. At that time he was fresh and fidgety and was always imagining a constant menace of attack by the Boers, whom he invariably pronounced "Bores." This pronunciation General French had in vain tried to correct, and it gradually got on his nerves. One day the young officer came to the general to report that he believed he could make out through his fieldglass quite as many as twenty "Bores" hid in the rocks above his camp. "Bores, you say?" inquired the general. "Yes, sir. Bores. Can I do anything, sir? "Yes. Don't add to them."

A Serious Question.

"My dear Mr. Fillows," said the doctor, "I will admit that I am not quite decided as to whether or not yours is a constitutional disease."

"Hum! That so?" said the patient, with a heavy sigh. "And have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States supreme court to find out?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Rather Liked It.

"I don't mind Jack's slang," said one of the girls. "He is so clever in the use of it."

"How so?"

"Why, he sent me three dozen photos of famous beauties, with a card on which the only words were, 'You're another.'"

A Changed Girl.

"How is it that Julia is so jealous and quarrelsome? She used to have such a sweet disposition!"

"I know, but the past year she has been singing in a church choir."—Baltimore American.

He Filled the Bill.

Mr. Woody—Music is a most fascinating study. Do you know I'd like to sing awfully. Miss Blunt (who had heard him)—Oh, you do!—London Tit-Bits.

Wise Man.

"I made a big hit with that woman, all right." "What did you say to her?" "Nothing. I just kept still and listened."—Chicago News.

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Common, 9c. a bushel $8 for 100 bushe

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"I believe women are becoming more intellectual."

"It may well be so," declared the acidulous citizen. "Since these strap pumps were put on the market women don't have to employ all their mentality in keeping on their shoes."—Washington Herald.

"I'm afraid," said the lady to a diminutive applicant, "that you are too small to act as nurse maid to my children."

"Oh, I'm not too small," replied the applicant. "I guess the trouble is your children are too large."

The Boss—I'd like to give you employment, young man, but there is no work to do.

The Applicant—That's just the sort of job I'd like, sir, if the salary were satisfactory.—Cleveland Leader.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone	131
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Saturday, November 6, 1909.

Gov. Pothier's nearly twelve thousand plurality in this State attests his popularity with the people of Rhode Island. He has the record majority.

Hereafter Middletown will vote by secret ballot in town as well as State elections. On Tuesday 179 voted in favor of the secret ballot, and 96 against it.

The Providence Journal says: "It was a non-partisan victory." In the sense that there is but one party left in this State it must have been a "non-partisan victory."

Governor Pothier ought to be pleased with his splendid majority all over the State, and especially in Newport. Outside of his home city, no place did better for him than Newport. He deserves it.

There were fears in some quarters that the death of "Charlie" Bennett, the popular Secretary of State, might endanger the chance of electing another Republican to that office. The result shows that these fears were groundless. J. Fred Parker proved himself as good a vote-getter as his popular predecessor.

The contest in Middletown on Tuesday must have been a lively one to bring out every name on the voting list except 28. Some of these 28 were sick, and others have not been in the town to vote for years, so it is very evident that not many of those who could possibly get to the polls stayed away.

Jimmy Williams will have plenty of time now to attend to his own affairs —if he has any. He must think after all the "reforms" he promised, that the dear people are very ungrateful. At last reports there was a severe coldness between "Jimmy" and his former political associate, the Hon. Rathbone Gardner.

The vote for license in this State on Tuesday was very large. Every city went largely in its favor, and many of the country towns did the same. The only places in the State voting no license are Barrington, Charlestown, Hopkinton, Jamestown, Little Compton, Middletown, New Shoreham by two majority, Portsmouth by 19 majority, South Kingstown, Warren by 8 majority, and Westerly.

This year the Democrats of Rhode Island will make such a strong fight for sucess that the Republicans will have to reform their methods or run the danger of defeat. The platform adopted yesterday by the opposition party at its convention brings to the attention of the public the political backwardness, not to say degeneracy, of Rhode Island. —Prov. Journal Editorial.

The Republican party is still in the saddle, and their opponents, oh where are they? Perhaps the Journal can tell us?

There will be no extra session of the General Assembly to consider the re-districting amendment. There is absolutely no need of it. The amendment cannot become operative for a year at least. When the General Assembly meets in January the matter can be taken up and there will be ample time to complete the business in season for next fall's elections. There is one thing certain: there will be no gerrymander on the part of the General Assembly and there never was any intention of an such thing on the part of the Republicans of the State. This supposed design was all in the minds of the opposition.

That the State still has confidence in the Republican party is strongly manifested by the election on Tuesday. In an off year and nothing but local and State issues to consider, the majorities given the candidates on the State ticket are unprecedented. Every State official is elected by the largest majorities ever given to their party and much larger than last year when the opposition claimed that national issues pulled the ticket through. The General Assembly is more unanimously Republican than last year when the opposition did not have enough members to demand a roll call. From political writers of a certain sort, both in and out of the State, we have heard much about the "rotten borough" system and that one tenth of the voters rule the State etc. The figures on Tuesday as in former years nail that lie conclusively. Every city and large town in the State, went Republican. The only Democratic success was in a few small towns where factional fights among the Republicans gave the opposition a chance, otherwise the Legislature might have been unanimously Republican. This great victory must be born in mind follows upon a Democratic Governorship two years ago. The surest way to make the State unanimously Republican is to give them now and then the example of Democratic management. Such a thing has happened several times within the last thirty years. But immediately following such a state of affairs the Republican majorities become sufficiently large as to convince one that the people do not approve of Democratic management.

Pothier's Plurality a Record.

The State election in Rhode Island on Tuesday resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republican party, leaving the opposition with pratically nothing. Governor Pothier was elected by a tremendous plurality, and the entire general ticket received a handsome endorsement. The next Legislature will be again almost unanimously Republican, with not sufficient Democrats in either house to demand a roll call on straight party lines. The three amendments to the constitution which the Republicans have earnestly advocated, and two of which the Democrats tried to defeat, were carried by substantial numbers over the required three fifths.

It was a great Republican day in Rhode Island and showed conclusively that the people of the State can be depended upon to make their own selections regardless of the feeble arguments and loud noises made by the opposition. The city of Providence is again Republican, re-electing Mayor Fletcher by a large majority, and having a Republican city council. The legislative ticket in that city was very close, and on the face of the returns it appears that the Democrats succeeded in electing two of their nominees out of twelve.

Although the total vote through the State was considerably smaller than during the Presidential contest of a year ago, Governor Pothier received the largest plurality ever given to a candidate for that office in Rhode Island. He received 11,834 votes more than his nearest opponent, Olney Arnold, while the largest previous plurality ever recorded was that of the late Elisha Dyer who received 11,519 in 1898. Even the city of Providence, which gave a plurality of 1400 against Governor Pothier last year, gave him 400 votes to the good this year.

There were only two of all the cities and towns of the State that gave pluralities for Arnold, the Democratic nominee—Cumberland and Scituate. In the strong Democratic districts Mr. Pothier gained as largely as he did in the Republican strongholds.

The vote in the State for Governor and for the constitutional amendments was as follows:

GOVERNOR.
Vote by Cities and Towns.

	Pothier, R	Arnold, D	White, P	Hurst, S	Holland, S. L.
Barrington,	163	65	65	—	1
Burrillville,	856	490	17	11	5
Bristol,	812	516	16	1	2
Central Falls,	1534	783	27	10	12
Charlestown,	199	40	28	—	8
Coventry,	516	226	10	1	1
Cranston,	1407	983	60	44	9
Cumberland,	618	907	14	7	4
East Greenwich,	520	690	13	3	2
E. Providence	1273	772	60	87	3
Exeter,	118	88	4	—	—
Foster,	185	70	1	—	—
Glocester,	186	76	1	2	—
Hopkinton,	150	34	24	—	—
Jamestown,	89	21	2	2	—
Johnston,	516	206	11	8	3
Lincoln,	849	485	28	83	8
Little Compton,	145	17	6	2	—
Middletown,	201	66	16	—	3
Narragansett,	270	84	8	1	—
Newport,	1967	1388	34	33	17
New Shoreham,	147	76	—	—	—
North Kingstown,	502	183	53	2	—
North Smithfield,	246	129	9	6	5
North Providence,	861	267	7	10	3
Pawtucket,	4721	2518	120	85	17
Portsmouth,	167	81	84	2	1
Providence,	11150	10768	456	400	91
Richmond,	189	115	14	—	1
Scituate,	265	478	38	1	4
Smithfield,	211	150	7	—	8
South Kingstown,	481	330	32	39	1
Tiverton,	479	115	15	2	7
Warren,	520	303	8	5	8
Warwick,	1934	1216	58	13	3
Westerly,	865	160	46	6	5
West Greenwich,	96	10	4	—	—
Woonsocket,	2630	787	28	28	8
State	37048	25210	1358	857	234

GOVERNOR'S VETO AMENDMENT.

	Approve	Reject
Barrington,	117	55
Bristol,	496	72
Burrillville,	413	82
Central Falls,	910	310
Charlestown,	60	58
Coventry,	204	88
Cranston,	1261	199
Cumberland,	901	197
East Greenwich,	185	53
East Providence,	1181	137
Exeter,	22	76
Foster,	47	41
Glocester,	75	25
Hopkinton,	87	81
Jamestown,	33	27
Johnston,	356	57
Lincoln,	492	113
Little Compton,	38	32
Middletown,	65	57
Narragansett,	76	82
Newport,	1322	876
New Shoreham,	90	18
North Providence,	193	63
North Smithfield,	100	33
North Kingstown,	226	178
Pawtucket,	3142	738
Portsmouth,	53	44
Providence,	13044	1351
Richmond,	75	88
Scituate,	193	84
Smithfield,	116	21
South Kingstown,	267	119
Tiverton,	91	34
Warren,	237	72
Warwick,	1131	71
Westerly,	406	50
West Greenwich,	12	6
Woonsocket,	1817	292
Totals,	28574	7004

Amendment has 7226 over necessary three-fifths.

THE LOCAL LICENSE QUESTION.

	Yes	No
Barrington,	26	209
Bristol,	821	437
Burrillville,	906	369
Central Falls,	1069	457
Charlestown,	93	154
Coventry,	445	278
Cranston,	1591	377
Cumberland,	958	548
East Greenwich,	471	233
East Providence,	1134	614
Exeter,	99	68
Foster,	169	75
Glocester,	141	100
Hopkinton,	40	196
Jamestown,	28	83
Johnston,	430	100
Lincoln,	752	365
Little Compton,	69	105
Middletown,	48	237
Narragansett,	240	65
Newport,	2654	804
New Shoreham,	126	128
North Kingstown,	371	312
North Providence,	257	101
North Smithfield,	174	97
Pawtucket,	4098	2043
Portsmouth,	108	127
Providence,	15898	8761
Richmond,	151	142
Scituate,	493	242
Smithfield,	181	173
South Kingstown,	355	472
Tiverton,	427	258
Warren,	429	457
Warwick,	1808	790
Westerly,	596	555
West Greenwich,	60	23
Woonsocket,	2206	846

"Why do you allow your wife to pick your company?" "She's a good judge—she picked me."- Philadelphia Star.

He that is ill to himself will be good to nobody.—Scotch Proverb.

General Assembly.

SENATE.

Barrington—Ebenezer Tiffany, Rep.
Bristol—Ezra Dixon, Rep.
Burrillville—Albert H. Sayles, Rep.
Central Falls—Joseph E. V. Mathieu, Rep.
Charlestown—Milton Duckworth, Rep.
Coventry—Edward E. Arnold, Rep.
Cranston—Daniel S. Latham, Rep.
Cumberland—Thomas McKenna, Dem.
East Greenwich—Thomas H. Galvin, Dem.
East Providence—Benjamin Martin, Rep.
Exeter—Eben Slocum, Cit.
Foster—Henry N. Phillips, Rep.
Glocester—Charles Potter, Rep.
Hopkinton—John S. Cole, Rep.
Jamestown—Isaac H. Clarke, Rep.
Johnston—Henry B. Scott, Rep.
Lincoln—William H. Comstock, Rep.
Little Compton—Philip H. Wilbour, Rep.
Middletown—Frank T. Peckham, Rep.
Narragansett—Edward D. Taylor, Rep.
Newport—John P. Sanborn, Rep.
New Shoreham—Christopher E. Champlin, Rep.
North Kingstown—Joseph E. Smith, Rep.
North Providence—Frederick W. Whipple, Rep.
North Smithfield—Edward Atchison, Rep.
Pawtucket—George T. Gorton, Rep.
Portsmouth—Henry C. Anthony, Rep.
Providence—William M. P. Bowen, Rep.
Richmond—John W. Collins, Dem.
Scituate—William H. Joslin, Dem.
Smithfield—Franklin S. Colwell, Rep.
South Kingstown—Sumner Mowry, Dem.
Tiverton—George R. Lawton, Rep.
Warren—Charles E. Scott, Rep.
Warwick—Walter F. Bowen, Rep.
Westerly—Louis W. Arnold, Rep.
West Greenwich—Leon D. Andrews, Rep.
Woonsocket—Oscar A. Bennett, Rep.
Republicans, 32.
Democrats and Citizens, 6.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Barrington—Frederick A. Ballou, Rep.
Bristol—Frank H. Hammill, Rep.
Burrillville—Michael H. Lacey, Rep.
Central Falls—Fred H. Jones, Rep., John Rockcliffe, Rep., and Sylvester B. Hiscock, Rep.
Charlestown—Orrin Arnold, Rep.
Coventry—Irving P. Hudson, Rep.
Cranston—Richard W. Jennings, Rep., Warren Ralph, Rep., Frederic T. Andrews, Rep.
Cumberland—George H. Gedder, Dem., and Dennis J. Shea, Dem.
East Greenwich—George R. Hannaford, Dem.
East Providence—William C. Bliss, Rep., and Joseph W. Sampson, Rep.
Exeter—Lewis C. Grinnell, Cit.
Foster—Charles H. Bassett, Rep.
Glocester—Frank F. Davis, Rep.
Hopkinton—Silas R. Richmond, Rep.
Jamestown—Alton Head, Rep.
Johnston—James A. Dame, Rep.
Lincoln—Joseph T. Richard, Dem., Caleb Parkinson, Rep.
Little Compton—Roswell B. Burchard, Rep.
Middletown—Joel Peckham, Rep.
Narragansett—Joseph I. Denico, Rep
Newport—1, Horace N. Hassard, Rep., 2, Robert S. Franklin, Rep; 3, R. Livingston Beeckman, Rep; 4, Robert Kerr, Rep.
New Shoreham—Henry K. Littlefield Rep.
North Kingstown—George E. Cranston, Rep.
North Providence—Herbert Swallow, Rep.
North Smithfield—Edward R. Esty, Rep.
Pawtucket—Louis Monast, Rep; Carl Wendel, Rep.; Daniel W. Bullock, Rep; Giles W. Easterbrooks, Rep.; Joseph S. Gendron, Rep.; Vinton L. Reynolds, Rep.; John B. Marsh, Rep.
Portsmouth—Benjamin C. Sherman, Rep.
Providence—James B. Littlefield, Rep.; George H. Holmes, Rep.; James J. Nolan, Jr., Dem.; Edgar A. Mowry, Rep.; Harry Cutler, Rep.; George A. Jepherson, Rep.; David F. Sherwood, Rep.; Abram L. Atwood, Rep.; George F. O'Shaunessy, Dem.; Frank B. Hazard, Rep.; George Robinson, Rep., and August Lunstedt, Rep.
Richmond—William D. Tucker, Dem.
Scituate—John A. Batley, Jr., Dem.
Smithfield—Franklin P. Harris, Rep.
South Kingstown—Isaac T. Hopkins, Rep.
Tiverton—Henry C. Wilcox, Rep.
Warren—Samuel L. Peck, Rep.
Warwick—1, J. Frank Woodmansee, Rep.; 2, Gideon Spencer, Rep.; 3. Olivier Langevin, Rep.; 4 Karl N. Rabenius, Rep.
Westerly—Albert H. Langworthy, Rep.
West Greenwich—Byron L. Matteson, Rep.
Woonsocket—Albert J. Bennett, Rep.; Harry E. Davis, Rep.; John B. A. Savard, Rep.; Jesse C. Whelock, Rep.; Jean B. Leclerc, Rep.
Republicans, 63.
Democrats and Citizens, 9.

Pensions on the Increase.

Notwithstanding the fact that 45,312 veteran pensioners of Uncle Sam died during the past fiscal year, and over 3000 more were dropped from the rolls from other causes, the amount paid out in pensions during that year was larger than for any preceding year; the amount was $161,973,703. Commissioner Warner explains these facts by showing that a large number of new pensioners were placed on the rolls by the act of February 6, 1907, granting $12, $15 and $20 to survivors of the war with Mexico and the civil war on reaching the ages of 62, 70, and 75, regardless of injuries having been received.

The new Aldrich-Payne tariff bill is increasing the revenue of the country at a rapid rate. In July and August the customs duties were $23,770,000 more than the corresponding months of last year. The increase of revenue from the first of September has been even much greater.

"Where did you meet your wife?"
"On an ocean voyage."
"You must have been awfully sick."
—Fliegende Blatter.

"What does your husband like for his breakfast?" "Anything I haven't got in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

My, What a Change!

[Providence Tribune Editorial]

The results of yesterday's election, following those of last year, show that the people of Rhode Island as a whole, however dissatisfied they may be with certain conditions in the State Republican organization, are not disposed to put their trust in the State Democracy as at present organized and led.

There are several facts which might be considered to account for this in greater or less degree, but the principal and most comprehensive reason, in the opinion of The Tribune, is that the Rhode Island Democracy is more distinctly and conspicuously a party of opposition than a party of progress. It is "against" things rather than "for" things. And a party in that negative position is not the kind of party most likely to inspire an enthusiastic following and a large amount of independent approval.

This has been especially shown in this year's campaign, all through which the Democratic cry has been "anti" this and "anti" that. Bad as the things may be which are thus antagonized, this sort of cry is not the most appealing, especially when kept up year after year without the slightest variation. And when the Democrats this year devoted so much of their campaign energy to opposing two of the three proposed constitutional amendments because they feared that those amendments might deprive them of a very remote partisan advantage, they further repelled the people who cared less about any party's advantage or disadvantage than for the more representative government which the amendments offered.

Just read the above and then bring to your mind the language of the same paper previous to the election, when they saw nothing good unless it bore the Democratic label.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1909 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., Nov. 4, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Nov 11 to 15, warm wave 10 to 14, cool wave 13 to 17. This disturbance is expected to be followed by low temperatures, cold and stormy weather and rains or snows. It will reach its greatest intensity near Nov 14 and the cold wave will go to its lowest temperatures near 16. Following Nov 6, a great fall in temperatures is expected in northern sections gradually going down till Nov 17 and then up till 26. The reverse of this in southern states.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov 16, cross Pacific slope by close of 17, great central valleys 18 to 20, eastern states and province 21. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states and Provinces 20. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov 19, great central valleys 21, eastern states and Provinces 23.

This disturbance will be preceded by cold, followed by a cool wave but not cold and accompanied by moderate temperatures. Not much rain or snow with this disturbance. It will prepare the way for a great high temperature wave that is to follow it. Generally cold weather is expected in southern states from Nov. 6 to 17 and in northern sections 11 to 23.

A Great Exhibit.

The electrical show to be held in Mechanics Bldg., Nov. 15th to 25th, will doubtless equal the record of the New York show last month, when on three different days the attendance was so large that the doors had to be closed. While the New York show was considered the best ever held there, it is promised by the management that the Boston show will far excel in number of novelties and artistic decorations any exposition ever held in the East.

"Everything electrical" in the nature of labor saving and comfort giving devices, and added to these many new and remarkable demonstrations in applied electricity will be shown, while the decorations will be on a grand scale. Among the many novelties to be shown will be the "Home Electrical," a perfect electrical appointed suite of rooms. In connection with this "Home Electrical" will be the Whiting Model Electrical Dairy Farm, where there will be four milkings a day by electrical milkers, and with the aid of electric separators and churns, the bright golden butter will be made in full view of the spectators. Chickens hatched by electricity, wireless telephones, X-Ray machines, and in fact everything that can be operated by electricity will be there. The grand opening will be at 8 o'clock Monday evening the 15th, and then each day from 10 A. M. to 10.30 P. M., and 25 cents admits to everything.

Choosing a Christmas Present.

When you make a present of a periodical to a friend or a family you are really selecting a companion to influence them for good or ill during a whole year. If the acquaintances of your sons and daughters were to talk to them aloud as some periodicals talk to them silently, how quickly you would forbid the companionship! In the one case as in the other, the best course is to supplant the injurious with something equally attractive and at the same time "worth while." A food can be wholesome and utterly distasteful. Reading can be made so, too. But The Youth's Companion not only nourishes the mind, but delights it, just like that ideal human associate whom you would choose. The Youth's Companion fills that place now in more than half a million homes. Can you not think of another family in which it is not now known where it would be joyfully welcomed?

If the $1.75 for the 1910 Volume is sent now, the new subscriber will be entitled to all the remaining issues of 1909. If desired, the publishers will hold these back or send them at Christmas time, together with the Christmas Number and The Companion's new "Venetian" Calendar for 1910, lithographed in thirteen colors and gold.—The Youth's Companion, Companion Building, Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

Alice—Ethel tells me she is engaged to Jack. Do you think she really means to marry him? Kate—Not if she can get anybody else.

He—Really, I never loved anybody before.

She—That isn't the point. Are you sure you'll never love anybody by and by?

"Baldness, sir, is caused by a microbe." How dare you insult my wife!" —Boston Transcript.

GOMPERS LOSES HIS FIGHT

Mitchell and Morrison Are Also Facing Terms of Imprisonment

Washington, Nov. 3.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor; John Mitchell, vice president, and Frank Morrison, secretary, must serve the terms of imprisonment passed upon them by Justice Wright of the District of Columbia supreme court for contempt in the Buck Stove company injunction case, according to the decision of the district court of appeals.

The confirmation of the sentences imposed on the three labor men will be followed by an appeal to the supreme court of the United States.

The chief justice of the court of appeals dissented from the decision of his colleagues.

Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison were sentenced by Justice Wright on Dec. 23, 1908, to serve terms of twelve, nine and six months, respectively, in the district jail for contempt of court in violation of an injunction in the Bucks Stove and Range case. James W. Van Cleave is president of the company.

BALM FOR WOUNDED HEART

Affections of Delaware Man's Wife Are Valued at Six Cents

Dover, Del., Nov. 5.—Suing his former business partner, Walter Shelton, for $10,000 for alienation of his wife's affections, Frank J. Collins of Smyrna was awarded 6 cents damages by the jury.

Collins charged that his former partner fell in love with his wife and gradually diverted her lawful affection to unlawful ends.

Shelton, in his defense, offered testimony that Collins had contracted ruinous habits, had become unable to support his wife, and that he had provided for his former partner's wife only when he felt it his duty under all circumstances.

Immediately after getting his verdict, Collins was arrested for nonsupport of his wife, but the proceedings were found to be irregular and he was released.

Held For Uncle's Death

Houlton, Me., Nov. 5.—Charles R. Friel, charged with the murder of his uncle, John Friel, at Amity, by shooting, and Ellis Black, charged with being an accessory, were held for the April term of the supreme court, and they were ordered committed to Houlton jail, Friel without bail.

Hunter Fatally Shot

Auburn, Me., Nov. 5.—Ralph Coleman, 24 years old, of this city, was fatally shot while hunting near Rangeley.

WEEKL YALMANAC

NOVEMBER 1909 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	rises sets	High water Morn	High water Eve.
6 Sat	6 36	4 51	0 7	2 48	8 05
7 Sun	6 37	4 50	1 8	3 44	4 00
8 Mon	6 38	4 49	2 8	4 30	4 45
9 Tues	6 39	4 48	3 7	5 11	5 28
10 Wed	6 41	4 47	4 6	5 47	6 08
11 Thurs	6 42	4 46	5 6	6 23	6 45
12 Fri	6 43	4 45	6 7	6 56	7 22

Last Quarter, 4th day, 4h. 38m., evening
New Moon, 12th day, 9h. 15m., evening.
First Quarter, 20d day, 0h. 29m., evening
Full Moon, 27th day, 8h. 5m., morning

A Small Farm For Sale

Close to Trolley Line

I have for sale a very desirable small farm of about 5¾ acres, with new 7-room cottage, in Middletown. This place is very close to trolley and well situated. Fine spring of water. An excellent place for an early vegetable and poultry farm. Price $4,750.

Apply at once to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue

Newport, R. I.

Marriages.

In Jamestown, 19th ult., by Rev. Charles D. Burrows, Abbott Allerton Chandler to Mabel Catherine Gertrude Watson.

On October 26th, by Rev. Father Doherty, at St. Mary's Church, Norfolk, Virginia, Augusta Bernice Allman and William Francis Ebbitt, both of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, 1st inst., Louis L., son of William M. and Agnes Green, aged 1 month and 15 days.

In this city, 2d inst., George Williams, aged 85 years.

In this city, 2d inst., Margaret, daughter of Margaret E. and Dr. Francis A. Keenan, aged 6 months, 3 days.

In this city, 2d inst., Margaret, widow of Manuel Roderick, in her 73d year.

In this city, suddenly, 4th inst., Atherton Blight.

In this city, 4th inst., Herbert C., son of the late David P. and Phebe A. Albro.

In Taunton, Mass., 28th ult., Mary E., widow of Lindley M. Cobb, formerly of this city, aged 82 years.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CHURCH BREACH IS WIDENED

Mrs. Stetson Is Exonerated by Committee of Inquiry

MOTHER CHURCH IS DEFIED

First Reader of New York Christian Science Church Reprimanded For "Unscientific Bias" In Proceedings Against Titular Head of Congregation—Report Accepted After Much Clamor and a Rising Count

New York, Nov. 5.—Fourteen hundred members of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, accepted last night the report of a committee of inquiry of the church governing body into the seven charges of abuse of power and malversation of doctrine which were brought against Mrs. Augusta Stetson, the titular head of the church, by the board of directors of the mother church in Boston and upon which she was admonished and forbidden further to teach or to practice as a healer in the faith.

MRS. AUGUSTA E. STETSON.

The report absolved Mrs. Stetson upon each of the counts in the indictment of the Boston directors and severely censured Virgil O. Strickler, the first reader of the First Church in New York, for what was termed his unscientific bias against Mrs. Stetson in the whole course of proceedings against her.

After the meeting it was said by one of Strickler's partisans that never before in the history of the church founded by Mrs. Eddy had the church body of the denomination attempted to review action taken by the directors of the mother church in Boston.

The action of the congregation did not in any way alter the status of Mrs. Stetson under the rulings of the governing body of the First church of Boston, and in substance, so said this commentator, it was an act of defiance unparalleled in the history of the church.

The final decision of the congregational meeting was not reached until after the members of the church had held their pews from 2 o'clock until 3 o'clock last night. More than once partisan lines were drawn so shortly between adherents of Mrs. Stetson and those who suported the mother church and Strickler, its chief adherent in all controversies that have torn the First church, that an uproar swayed everybody in the church for minutes at a time. An effort was made to hoist Strickler from his position as chairman of the meeting, and nearly every vote that was put was attended by such clamor that a rising count had to be made. The report was passed at the end by a small majority.

Instead of bringing concord back to the congregation, Thursday's action forecasts a wider breach between the two parties in dispute. The investigating committee's report clearing Mrs. Stetson and reprimanding the first reader was accepted under the provision that the latter part of the findings be referred back to the trustees of the church for action.

Every member of the board of trustees except Mrs. Stetson, Strickler and Mrs. Susanne Thomas, the second reader, constituted the personnel of the committee of inquiry whose report censured Strickler.

Charged With Padding Pay Rolls

Somerville, Mass., Nov. 2.—William W. Smith, Jr., a foreman in the street department of Somerville, was arrested last night at his home on a charge of larceny of $48 from the city by means of padding the pay rolls. The complaint against him was made at the request of Mayor Woods.

BOLD DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

Pair of Thieves Get Away With Package Containing $14,165 In Cash

Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 6.—After striking William Dobson, cashier in the office of the Canadian Express company, down with a piece of iron pipe, a lone man vaulted the counter and made off with a package containing $14,165 in cash. He had a confederate who stood outside the door, and the two quickly disappeared. All efforts to locate the pair have thus far been futile.

The package contained several consignments of money from banks here to their branches in Hamilton and Toronto. It is believed the two men made a study of the situation and learned that it was customary to ship money on a train leaving here at 4:55 o'clock.

GREAT SLUMP IN BAY STATE

Draper and Frothingham Win by Very Narrow Margin

TAMMANY IS BADLY BEATEN

Elects Only Gaynor, Who Will Merely Be Figurehead, and Loses Control of City Finances and Patronage—Reformers Get Black Eyes In San Francisco and Philadelphia—Pothier Again Elected In Rhode Island

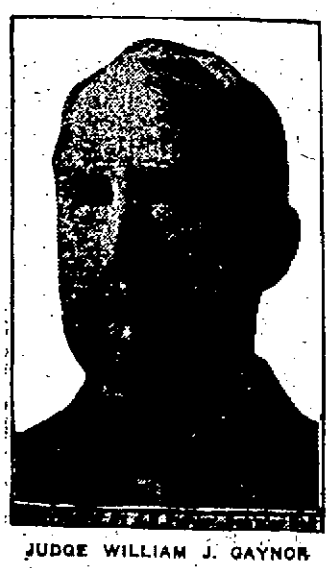
Eben S. Draper of Hopedale was re-elected governor of Massachusetts over James H. Vahey by the narrow margin of 8092 votes. Louis A. Frothingham of Boston was re-elected lieutenant governor over Eugene N. Foss by a plurality of 6710. This was a tremendous Republican slump. Draper's plurality over Vahey last year was over 60,000.

The other Republican nominees for state offices were re-elected by substantial pluralities. The executive council will stand seven Republicans and one Democrat, the same as now.

Tammany lost all that it holds dear in the election—control of New York party will have twelve additional seats in the house. The Republicans lose one in the senate. The legislature of 1910 will stand as follows: Senate, Republicans, 33; Democrats, 7; house, Republicans, 169; Democrats, 70.

EBEN S. DRAPER

Tammany lost al lthat it holds dear in the election, control of New York city finances and patronage. Gaynor, its one crumb of comfort, can be nothing more than a figurehead, with the board of estimate, the borough presidents, the president of the board of aldermen and the city judgeship in the hands of the Fusionists. This is the most sweeping defeat of Tammany in recent times.



JUDGE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

In other cities the reformers were not so successful. D. C. Gibboney's fight against the McNichol machine in Philadelphia ended in a crushing defeat. The Republicans re-elected District Attorney Rotan over Gibboney by a majority of more than 30,000. "Dave" Martin of the "Hog Combine" seems to be elected register of wills. There is no crumb of comfort for the reformers in Philadelphia.

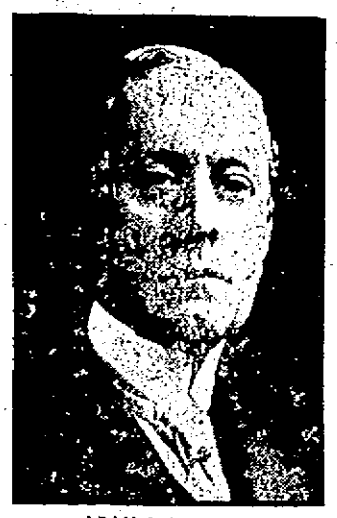
The blackest eye that municipal reform has received in a good many years is that administered in San Francisco, where Francis J. Heney is badly beaten for district attorney. There was a three-cornered fight for the mayoralty there, in which all the elements in the Republican party that are opposed to the anti-graft agitation started by Heney united to secure the nomination and election of William Crocker. Crocker is defeated by the labor candidate, P. M. McCarthy.

Despite President Taft's attitude of hostility toward the Cox machine in Cincinnati that organization won out. In Cleveland Mayor Tom L. Johnson has at last met his Waterloo. He was first elected in 1901, and has come up for re-election in every campaign since then. Johnson, opposed by Herman C. Baehr, has been defeated.

In Louisville here was a bitter campaign, the counterpart of that in New York, and W. O. Head, the Democratic candidate, was elected over Mayor Grinstead, the Republican candidate.

The American, or anti-Mormon, candidate in Salt Lake City, Mayor Fransford, has been re-elected. This, however, is largely due to the failure of the opposition to pull through a successful fusion.

About the only gleam of hope for municipal reformers is to be found in the Indianapolis election, where Bauss, the Democratic candidate, was defeated by Lewis Shank. The brewers and liquor interests generally are said to have spent money like water to elect Gauss, and Thomas Taggert worked for him.



ARAM J. POTHIER

There were only three elections for governor—in Rhode Island, Virginia and Massachusetts. The Republicans carried Rhode Island and the Democrats, as usual, won in Virginia. Governor Aram J. Pothier is re-elected in Rhode Island over Olney Arnold by a plurality of at least 11,834. Judge Mann is elected governor of Virginia to succeed Claude A. Swanson, after a campaign of unusual bitterness.

Minor state offices were filled in Maryland, Pennsylvania and Nebraska. Bryan's plurality of last year is eliminated. The centre of interest in Maryland, however, was the constitutional amendment disfranchising the bulk of the negro population. This amendment has been beaten, as a similar amendment was four years ago.

DECLINE TO STAND FOR NOMINATIONS

Boston Will Not Have an Ex-Governor For Mayor

Boston, Nov. 5.—Neither former Governor Guild nor former Governor Bates will be a candidate for the Boston mayoralty. Certain prominent men identified with Boston's business interests have thought that either one of the two ex-governors would be an admirable candidate, but neither takes kindly to the idea.

Attention is now likely to be turned to President Storrow of the chamber of commerce. By many he is considered the best and most available man, and Vice President Rothwell believes him to be the nearest approach to the ideal candidate of any man now prominently before the public.

RAISED $514,377 IN FIFTEEN DAYS

Boston Y. M. C. A. Has Ample Funds For New Building

Boston, Nov. 2.—The hour of 7 last evening saw the movable money hand of the big Y. M. C. A. clock creep slowly upward on the great dial that fronted the common, pointing out the accumulated thousands, and pause for just an instant at the goal that meant the new structure for Boston—$500,000.

Thousands cheered as the hand pointed straight upward. Then the cheers were redoubled in volume as the upright pointer slowly started forth again down the face of the clock on the other side until it stopped close by the $15,000 mark.

It told the people gathered in the streets that the young men of Boston were to have a structure dedicated to their well-being and advancement, and that the campaign which had interested business men, congregations in churches, citizens in general and the public at large had been successfully terminated. The final statistics showed that the grand total had reached $514,377.

The vast sum for the new structure was raised in exactly fifteen days. It started on the evening of Oct. 14, when prominent citizens of Boston met and pledged themselves to the extent of $50,000.

The next day the dial of the great clock showed what kind of start had been made and from day to day since that time the money hand moved on and on about the dial setting forth the sums accumulated.

YOUNGSTER A HORSE THIEF

Many Other Crimes Are Charged Against a Ten-Year-Old

Ottawa, Nov. 5.—Cyril St. Armand of Thurso, 10 years old, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for horse stealing.

When 8 years old he was convicted of an attempt to wreck a Canadian Pacific train. His youth enabled him to escape sentence for this and a number of burglaries which followed.

The theft of a team of horses, however, proved too much for the authorities to excuse.

New Haven Clerks Vote to Strike

Boston, Nov. 3.—Three thousand clerks of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad voted to strike. The strike order, it is said, will go into effect Monday. President Mellen and his associates are eager to avert a strike, but declare they will not accede to the demands of the union. The clerks say the strike order will not be revoked unless all requests are granted.

COOK'S ARCTIC OBSERVATIONS

National Geographical Society Anxious to Inspect Them

SCIENTIFIC TEST IS WANTED

Committee Going to Copenhagen to Ask Authorities of University to Allow Them to Be Present at Examination of Data—Question of Priority In Discovery of Pole Will Eventually Be Cleared Up

Washington, Nov. 5.—The state department has declined to take any action in the polar controversy between adherents of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook. A delegation representing the National Geographic society endeavored to enlist the good offices of the department in an effort to have the authorities of the University of Copenhagen to allow the society to inspect Cook's polar data. The details of their request were not made public. The members of the delegation were Henry Gannell, John J. Edson, James H. Gore, Gilbert Grosvenor and F. V. Coville.

The Geographic society has announced its intention of passing upon the question of the authenticity of the polar observations made by Peary and Cook. In response to a telegram from the society Commander Peary submitted his data, which was approved by the society. Dr. Cook, however, has declined to submit his data to the society, but intends to carry out his promise to place it first in the hands of the scientists of the University of Copenhagen.

It is now understood to be the intention of the Geographic society to send a committee to Copenhagen to ask the authorities of the university to allow them to be present during the examination of Cook's data. It is believed here that they hoped to obtain the aid of the state department in accomplishing this purpose. The department, however, has taken a position of absolute neutrality and has declined to send any instruction to the American minister at Copenhagen to aid the society in its object.

"We must be shown," was the comment of Professor Moore, president of the National Geographic society, in speaking of "other explorers" whose records are to be subjected to a rigid scientific test looking to a speedy settlement of the question of priority in the Cook and Peary claims of discovery of the Pole. Moore declared that the society and its 50,000 members will spare no expense to have this question settled.

The resolution adopted by the board in regard to Peary's feat of exploration makes no mention of Cook. It recognizes the fact that Cook says he reached the Pole prior to April 6, 1909, however, in a clause recommending to the committee on research that a sub-committee be appointed to examine the data of other persons claiming to have reached the Pole.

Cook Preparing Records

New York, Nov. 5.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who is here after a lecture tour in the west, has commenced to assemble the papers and reports of his polar explorations in preparation of the data which he intends to submit to the University of Copenhagen within the next few days. He declined to say anything in regard to the resolution adopted by the National Geographical society referring the question of priority at the Pole to a committee for investigation.

FOR MINISTER TO CHINA

Suggestion of Fairbanks' Name Meets With Approval In Washington

Washington, Nov. 4.—Former Vice President Fairbanks, who is now in Burmah with Mrs. Fairbanks on a trip around the world, has been suggested to Secretary Knox for minister to China by Senator Cullom, chairman of the foreign relations committee of the senate.

There is nothing but approval of the suggestion wherever it has been heard.

"Saved From Meat Trust"

London, Nov. 4.—The arrival in the Thames of a cargo of chilled beef from Australia, said to be in tip-top condition, is heralded here as foreshadowing the relief of the British meat market "from the danger of being throttled by the American Beef Trust."

Dolls Not Toys

Washington, Nov. 5.—Dolls are just dolls and not toys at all, according to a decision of the treasury department, and thereby importers are saved the difference between 5 percent and 60 percent ad valorem duty.

South American Beef For Italy

Rome, Nov. 5.—The high price of beef in Italy has resulted in some of the largest handlers of meats making contracts for the importation of dressed beef from the Argentine in great quantities.

Suffragists Win Victory

New York, Nov. 4.—Mayor McClellan has appointed three women to the board of education, and thereby conceded one of the principal demands of woman suffrage organizations.

New Engine of Destruction

Vienna, Nov. 5.—The government is inspecting an invention of Engineer Bertuch, which consists of a diminutive aerial torpedo, which can be discharged from an ordinary rifle. It is claimed that it is capable of bringing down the largest airship from any height up to 3000 feet.

NEW ENGLAND HEROES

Ten Among the Fifty Honored by the Carnegie Commission

Pittsburg, Nov. 4.—The Carnegie hero commission made the largest number of awards in cash and medals yesterday on record. They include fifty heroes and heroines, and $34,659 in cash will be distributed, besides a number of those dependent on deceased heroes, who will be pensioned for life.

The New England states, as usual, came in for a large share, ten awards being made for heroism in that section. Of the persons named in New England, four met death, and the next of kin will receive the reward.

The New England heroes were: William F. Loyle, North Attleboro, Mass.; John G. Conroy, Boston; Thomas J. Madden, Waterbury, Conn.; Albert K. Sweet, Norwood, R. I.; L. F. Clarke, Wilton, Me.; Fred L. Foss (died), Fall River, Mass.; George A. Lawrey, Pawtucket, R. I.; H. L. Mitchel (died), Plymouth, Conn.; Charles W. Hammond (died), Augusta, Me.; Michael Donlin (died), Meriden, Conn.

HERB DOCTOR INDICTED

Manslaughter Instead of Murder In the St. Jean Case

Taunton, Mass., Nov. 5.—An indictment for manslaughter against "Professor" Frank L. Hill of Fall River, for having caused the death of Miss Amelia St. Jean of Woonsocket, R. I., Oct. 8, was returned by the Bristol county grand jury here.

Hill was not present, being still in the New Bedford jail, where he was taken following his arraignment at Fall River.

The fact that Hill is held for manslaughter, instead of murder, under which charge he is at present being detained, caused some surprise.

Lack of direct evidence of the committing of the crime is believed to have made necessary this change by the government. Their case, they claim, is extensive as regards circumstantial and connecting evidence, but conviction for murder would require facts more definite than those as yet at hand.

EXCUSED FROM JURY DUTY

Former Banker Morse Received Summons While In Tombs Prison

New York, Nov. 5.—Charles W. Morse, the former banker now a prisoner in the Tombs, was served with a notice to appear for jury duty in the United States circuit court—the court which not long ago convicted him of misapplying national bank funds.

The summons came to Morse by mail, forwarded from his house. It was explained at the United States marshal's office that the summons was sent to Morse in the usual routine and that the financier had already been excused.

Banker Sent to Prison

Binghampton, N. Y., Nov. 5.—Adolphus Newton of Norwich, formerly secretary of the Chenango Co-operative Savings and Loan association, pleaded guilty to the misappropriation of the company's funds, and was sentenced to prison for not less than one year or more than twenty-two months.

McClung Is United States Treasurer

Washington, Nov. 2.—Lee McClung became treasurer of the United States Monday, receiving the money from Charles H. Treat, retiring treasurer.

CURED ITCHING PAINFUL HUMOR

Which had Spread Over Face, Body and Arms—Swellings were as Large as a Dollar—When they Broke, Sores would Not Heal—Suffered 3 Years,

MADE SOUND AND WELL BY 3 SETS OF CUTICURA

"My trouble began about three years ago with little black swellings scattered over my face and neck. They would disappear but they would leave little black scars that would itch at times so I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear in the same place and they were so painful I could hardly bear it and my clothes would stick to the sores. The first doctor I went to said the disease was scrofula, but the trouble only got worse and spread. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in big swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back at night. The second doctor pronounced my disease inflammation of the lymphatic glands. He stopped the swellings, but when they would break the places would not heal. He tried everything that he could but to no effect. He said I might be cured but it would take a long time. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and used them according to directions and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued with the Cuticura Remedies until I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years from the time it commenced until I was cured. Before Christmas something broke out on my seven year old brother's hands in the form of large sores. I tried everything I could think of but to no effect until I happened to think of Cuticura and one application cured him. Also, not long ago, my sister got a bad burn on her ankle. I have been using Cuticura on that and it gave her scarcely any trouble. O. L. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908."

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment and mild doses of Cuticura Pills, afford immediate relief and point to a speedy cure of torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scalp and blood of infants, children and adults, when all else fails.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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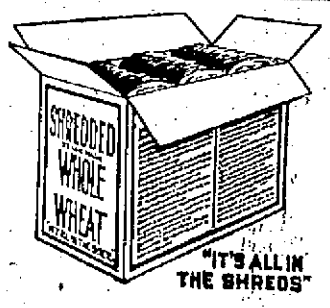

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The cheapest place to buy, if you draw your own coal.

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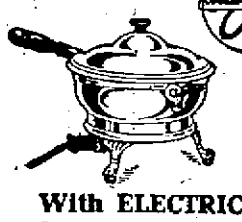

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

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Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

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PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE,

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.

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A PIONEER AERONAUT

The Brave and Daring Frenchman Pilatre de Rozier.

TRAGIC END OF HIS CAREER.

He Was the First Aeronaut to Lose His Life From a Balloon, and He Was Dashed to Death With a Companion From a Height of 1,700 Feet.

Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who was born at Metz in 1756 and who was killed, a martyr to his zeal, by a fall from his balloon at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1785, was the first aeronaut to lose his life in the dangerous work of mastering the air.

Pilatre de Rozier, who had made ascents in the Montgolfier balloon, determined to solve the question of balloons as mediums for carrying passengers and could think and dream of nothing but how he could fashion a machine that would carry him on an aerial voyage. When his balloon was finished he made some twenty-three ascents, nearly always alone, but occasionally accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, a brave soldier and one who had faith in Pilatre's ideas. The balloon was always held captive by strong cords.

Whenever he went up there was a crowd to watch him. One day there was a thrilling moment. The balloon drifted toward some high trees, and it seemed inevitable that the tissues would be torn by the branches and Pilatre dashed to the ground. They saw the young man calmly throw a bunch of straw on his fire and quickly pour over it two small bottles of oil. Instantly the fierce heat sent the balloon up safely, and it swept beyond the danger line of the trees. A mighty shout went up from the crowd, and when he came down Pilatre had an ovation.

He now felt ready to make his grand experimental trial trip, but the king would not allow him to go, as he feared to lose so brave and scientific a man. Pilatre was in despair, and at length the king said that he would give him the opportunity to test the safety of his balloon in the following way: He would give full pardon to any two criminals who were willing to go up in it, provided Pilatre did not himself go.

The scientist was very angry. He said: "What! Shall vile criminals, foul murderers, men rejected from the bosom of society, have the glory of being the first to navigate the air? Never while Pilatre de Rozier draws breath!"

After repeated prayers for permission to make his experiment he appealed to the influence of the Duchess de Polignac, the governess of the royal children. To her petitions the Marquis d'Arlandes added his and asked to be allowed to accompany Pilatre. At length consent was obtained.

On Nov. 21, 1783, Pilatre and the marquis made an ascent from the gardens of the Chateau de la Muette, in the Bois. They sailed safely across the Seine, over the Hospital For Old Soldiers, over the Military school and landed about five miles from Paris. Their return was greeted with wild enthusiasm.

The marquis rode back, but Pilatre had to go first to his house and get a coat, for some one had stolen his in the mixup of their coming down, when the balloon, of course, collapsed.

Pilatre now announced that he would cross the channel from Boulogne to England. A wealthy Frenchman advanced the money to construct an improved machine that he was certain could stay in the air as long as necessary. This new invention was a balloon filled with hydrogen gas. Under it was a cylinder by which he expected to rarefy the air contained in it so that he could either ascend or descend easily and so reach currents of air that would take him in any desired direction.

It was five months before there came a day suitable for making the aerial trip. A physician who loved adventure and believed in the success of the experiment went with him from Boulogne.

They cut the cords that held the balloon at 7 o'clock in the morning. The ascent was majestic, and when at a height of 200 feet the balloon swept into a current of air that took it toward the channel. Suddenly a cross current swept it back.

Pilatre hastened to let some cold air into the cylinder and in some way made a rent in the balloon. They were 1,700 feet high, and instantly they were dashed to the earth, mangled and crushed frightfully.

France still remembers his enthusiastic faith in his scientific efforts, and in many places are memorials and inscriptions that perpetuate his fame.—Boston Globe.

The Dental Ornaments.

Visitor (passing through dining room with little Tommy, discovers mince pie on sideboard)—Heighho, but that's a fine pie! Who made it?

Tommy—Grandma; she always makes the pies.

Visitor—Does she, indeed! Well, I'd like to get my teeth into that one.

Tommy—You would, eh? Well, grandma's got ahead of you. Don't you see the prints of her's all around the edges?—Boston Courier.

Trespassing.

"You accuse this critter of trespassing in your garden?"

"Yes, judge. I caught him among my air currents."—New York Herald.

Defined.

Johnny Wise—Pa, what is a prospective bridegroom? Mr. Wise—Well, my son, a prospective bridegroom nowadays is a young man postponing for an indefinite—Puck.

Suffering.

Suffering overcomes the mind's inertia, develops the thinking powers, opens up a new world and drives the soul to action.—Anthony D. Evans.

THE RAT KING.

His Method Was Successful, but It Remains a Secret.

In the early sixties of the last century the Smithsonian institution was infested with rats. Nothing in the building seemed to be rat proof. They ate skins cured with arsenical soap or table linen or the contents of Professor Henry's pantry without discrimination. Every one in the city, from Professor Henry to the bootblack, had one subject in common, and that was "rats."

As Professor Henry, who lived in the east end of the building, was listening to an account of the ruin wrought in his home during that day Professor Spencer Baird walked in and said, just as if he had been following every word of the family conversation, "I have just been told that there is a man in Philadelphia who can rid this place of rats."

Professor Henry's eyes expressed interest and incredulity at the same moment.

"I have his address here," went on the assistant secretary. "He calls himself the 'ratten konig' and won't take a cent if a rat remains and has"—

"We'll send for him if it takes our last thousand cents to do it!" said Professor Henry and laughingly predicted the repetition of the famous old tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Several days later the "rat king" appeared in Washington. He was almost as short as he was broad and wore clothes too loose for description; they had no shape. He carried a large oilcloth sack and a covered basket. His penetrating blue eyes were almost covered by shaggy eyebrows, and his blond hair had not been cut, but bagged. His manner was short and brisk, and he went straight to the point, talking to Professor Henry in German.

He declared that not a rat would be in the building three days hence if his directions were obeyed. During that time he would stay in the basement alone; every door was to be locked, and on no account was he to be disturbed until he gave them the signal. So they left him in absolute darkness and carried out his directions.

On Sunday morning the queer old man emerged from the darkness so confident of his success that he refused to accept the money which was his due then and there, but insisted that Professor Henry mail the check to him in Philadelphia the following week.

"Now you can leave your food in the basement, and it won't be touched. And I won't take a cent if you are troubled with rats," were his parting words.

Cheese and cake were directly placed about the building to tempt the rats. Morning after morning they were found as they had been left, and from that day to this the Smithsonian institution has never been seriously troubled with rats. And no one has ever found out the secret of the "rat king's" method.—Youth's Companion.

Washington's High Priced Shad.

Washington's steward was a man named Fraunces, who liked good living and with whom Washington continually quarreled about the marketing. One time he bought a shad in February, and as Washington saw it coming into the dining room he was charmed and asked what fish it was.

"It is a shad," replied the steward, "a very fine shad. It was the only one in the market, and I bought it for you."

"But what did you pay for it?" said Washington sternly.

"It is a very fine shad," continued the steward, "and it is cooked to a turn."

"But I want to know the price—the price!"

"It cost $3," stammered out Fraunces.

"Take it away," said Washington as he raised his hand; "take it away. It shall never be said that I set such an example of luxury and extravagance."

And with that he drove the steward out of the room, and the shad was eaten in the servants' kitchen.

She Liked Silk Hosiery.

Susan B. Anthony was a woman of simple taste in dress, but her close friends knew of one pretty feminine vanity that she always held to. She had a weakness for silk stockings. Being pressed on one occasion for an explanation of what most women at one time regarded as an unnecessary extravagance, she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, I just love 'em! They are an inspiration. If I have my silk stockings on when I rise to make an address I feel just as if I am walking among the clouds. They help me to soar away on flights of eloquence. I wouldn't be without them."

Just the Thing.

The poet took his silver mounted pistol from the bureau drawer.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked his timid wife.

"I'm going to use it to drive the wolf from the door," he answered.

Ten minutes later the pawnbroker had advanced $2 on it.—Chicago News.

Headed Him Off.

He—You know, Clara, about the diamond engagement ring I want to give you, diamonds have gone up so— She—Oh, you dear boy! How sweet of you to want to make sacrifices to prove your love.—Baltimore American.

Lost Opportunity.

Wifey—I remember the night you proposed to me—I bent my head and said nothing. Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear; but never mind—you'll make up for it since.—Exchange.

Her Distress.

Mary, aged fourteen, was found one day by an elder sister sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter?" she asked with great concern.

"Three boys have asked me to go to the dance tonight," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune."

"Yes, but I told the first one I would go with him, and the last one was a long painter."

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

The Fierce Brute Proved a Good Temperance Lecturer.

Governor Jennings of Indiana used to tell a story of his early electioneering days in which he said that a panther may be a good temperance lecturer. Colonel W. M. Cockrum repeats the story in his "Pioneer History of Indiana." The incident happened when Governor Jennings was traveling over the thinly settled hills of Dearborn county, electioneering for congress.

He met a man with whom he was well acquainted, by name Tom Oglesby, who was just getting over a protracted debauch. Jennings began asking Tom about his political views. The half sober fellow looked at him and said:

"Jen, don't you think a man just out of a panther light ought to be electioneered in a different manner from this? I am just from the grave. I was awakened a little while ago by a panther putting leaves and grass over me. It kept this up until I was entirely covered. I lay still for awhile and then raised up and found the panther gone. I knew I was in danger, so I took my gun and climbed into a tree to see what the panther intended to do.

"In a short time I heard her coming, and she had her kittens with her. Every few steps she would jump as if catching something, and the little ones would go through the same maneuvers. She kept this up until she got near to the bed of leaves she had covered over me and then made a spring on the pile. She looked just as I felt when I found that I was covered up for dead. She then started in to investigate the cause of my disappearance, and before she located me I shot her."

Jennings, after hearing this, said:

"Well, Tom, I believe I should treat you as one from the dead and that you should begin your life from this point. We were schoolboys together. I know you are a capable civil engineer and well educated, and if you cease drinking I will see that you have a good position on the surveying corps."

Tom Oglesby did quit drinking. Jennings was elected and kept his promise to his old friend, who became one of the well known engineers of the United States.

THERMOMETERS.

Testing Processes at the National Weather Bureau.

Each day at the weather bureau in Washington the thermometers received from various manufacturers throughout the country are put through the test of standardizing them.

The various processes through which the bulbs pass before they are labeled "accurate" are easy, inasmuch as there is practically little scientific work attached to the test. When a thermometer is first handed to the man in the testing room it is dipped into a vat filled with a compound far below the freezing point. It is thrust in at the point where it happens to be at the time and worked up and down until the degree of the compound is reached. Having then recorded the lowest temperature, the process of testing for the highest is begun. This is just as simple as testing for the low temperature. The bulb is dipped into a vat of water, first at 60 degrees. Then it is worked gradually until 130 degrees is reached. If the mercury in the bulb will indicate 130 degrees further testing is unnecessary, because that is a tolerably warm temperature and one seldom if ever reached by natural heat.

A thermometer the bulb of which contains mercury will not register lower than 38 degrees below zero—that is, mercury will freeze at that point. In this country very little use is found for thermometers showing more than 38 degrees below zero, but in the far north they are of course necessary. Such instruments, however, contain spirits in the bulbs instead of mercury, but even this fluid becomes sluggish when 40 or 50 below zero is recorded, and it will seldom show 60 below.—Harper's Weekly.

Shampoo.

A mid-eighteenth century traveler, who is the first person known to have made English of the word "shampoo," wrote that "shampooing is an operation not known in Europe and is peculiar to the Chinese, which I had once the curiosity to go through, and for which I paid but a tride. However, had I not seen several Chinese merchants shampooed before me I should have been apprehensive of danger, even at the sight of all the different instruments." The original "shampoo," as this traveler's detailed account and other allusions for long after his time show, was very much what we call "massage" now. It was from India that the word really came, and it represents the imperative of a verb meaning to knead.

The Measuring Rod.

Whatshisname Bilkins	$5,000
James C. Bilkins	10,000
Hon. James C. Bilkins	100,000
Our public spirited benefactor, James C. Bilkins	200,000
Old Bilkins	1,000,000
That old leather hearted hog, Bilkins	5,000,000

—Puck.

Puzzling Orchid Imitations.

Orchid imitations are a puzzle to flower scholars. The whole appearance of the flower is suggestive of some insect, sometimes to quite a remarkable degree. It does not seem easy to find any real purpose that could be served by this resemblance, yet no one imagines that it can be accidental. Any one who knew of the bee orchid, a native of Europe, and came upon it for the first time would at once recognize it. It seems to be a large, velvety brown backed bee variegated with yellow. The two petals might serve well for the wings of the insect. In the center of the lip of the fly orchid there is a small bluish spot like the body of a fly. The two lateral petals are slender and curiously like the antennae of an insect. The whole illusion is complete and suggests to the casual glance that a few flies are hanging on the stem of some plant which has cast its flowers.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Its Effect Upon the Customer to Whom It Was Made.

A business man of Dayton, O., tells this story of some commercial friends of his:

A customer who bought in a small way from the wholesalers and whose credit was not of the sort known as gilt edged visited the city and purchased a $2,800 bill of goods, paying $2,500 in cash and giving his note for the remaining $300.

After the transaction had been closed and the paper and currency had changed hands the customer said:

"Now, after a deal of that size it is customary to give a purchaser a present. Come across with it."

"We'll throw in a pair of suspenders," laughed the salesman temporizingly.

"A pair of suspenders, eh! Say, quit fooling. I really mean it. I expect you to do something in acknowledgment of my patronage."

The salesman went to the manager with the problem, and the manager said:

"Well, if he feels that way about it we might encourage him a bit. We'll do something that ought to please him greatly. Give him back his $300 note. Make him a present of his paper. That will make him a cash customer and raise his credit and save him money besides."

The salesman went back, pleased to be the bearer of such joyful tidings of liberality in business.

"Well, sir," he said, "we've arranged about that present, all right. Here," with a flourish, "is your note. We give it back to you."

The customer did not seem enthusiastic. Instead, without looking at the note he asked:

"Is it indorsed?"

"No," said the salesman in astonishment.

"Then I guess you better gimme the suspenders," said the disappointed customer.—Chicago News.

HOW A HORSE GALLOPS.

The Natural Way and the Conventional Pose In Art.

How does a horse gallop? Owing to the rapidity of action it cannot be seen by the human eye. However, just as the individual spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel can be made visible by a dash of lightning, so the action of a galloping horse can be and has been analyzed by instantaneous photography.

The statuette of Sysonby, the thoroughbred, has been made from photographs taken at the instant when all four legs are off the ground. The back is arched, the hind feet are directed forward, the fore feet backward, so that all are tucked under the animal's body.

When the limbs again touch the ground the first to do so is one of the hind feet, which is thrust far forward so as to form an acute angle with the line of the body and thus serve the purpose of a spring in breaking the force of the impact of the hoof when the horse is going at top speed.

In the conventional mode of representing a galloping horse all four legs are off the ground at once, but the front pair are extended backward in such a way that the undersurfaces of their hoofs are directed skyward, the body being at the same time brought near the ground. This conventional pose appears to have been derived from a dog running, when the front and hind pairs of legs are respectively extended forward and backward, with the soles of the hind feet turned upward.

This pose, it is thought, was adopted to represent the gallop of the horse by the goldsmiths of Mycenae between 800 and 1000 B. C., whence it was transmitted by way of Persia and Siberia to China and Japan, to return in the eighteenth century as the result of commercial relations to western Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

The Earwig.

There is no insect which has puzzled naturalists as to its proper classification more than the earwig. Some have asserted that it belongs to the beetles, of which it is an "aberrant type," others that it is connected with the grasshoppers. Even about its very name there has been endless discussion. Some have thought the name earwig is the result of the creature's supposed habit of getting into the ears, while others are equally certain that it is derived from the original name, which they say was earwing, from the fact that the wing when spread resembles the human ear. At all events, one thing is certain—the earwig as we know it now is a survival of an early type of which almost every other member has become extinct.

Appropriate.

A family of children, after the usual Saturday night romps, gathered in the drawing room for music and singing. As bedtime drew near the mother said:

"Now, children, choose one hymn to finish up with, and then you must all say 'Good night.'"

"Let's have 'Ere Again Our Sabbath Close,'" suggested a bright little girl of about seven years of age.

"Well, I think that would be more suitable tomorrow evening," replied the mother.

"Oh, but you always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturdays, mummy!"—London Tatler.

What Did She Mean?

Harold—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her?

Rupert—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.—Philadelphia Record.

Common to the Kind.

"How do you recognize an infant industry?" inquired an English tourist of a colonial politician.

"Like most infants," answered the politician, "it is recognized by the amount of noise it makes when it wants to be nursed."—London Telegraph.

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INHERIT THE JOB.

The Postmasters of a Little Town In Kent, England.

Forty years before, as quite a boy, Jones had left a little town in Kent, England. Now, on the first long vacation he ever had since, he was visiting his childhood scenes. He had remembered that the postmaster's name was Pengelley, and he had remembered, too, that he was a kindly old man. There wasn't the slightest probability, he thought, that the postmaster was still alive, but his acquaintance with the former incumbent might smooth things a little with the new one, so that the whereabouts of people to whom he had been directed would be made known.

"What's become of Mr. Pengelley?" he asked, interrupting for a moment his majesty's letter assorter.

"I am Mr. Pengelley."

"Perhaps you're his son."

"Yes; my father's name was Pengelley, too," drawled the Englishman.

"I mean the postmaster."

"So do I."

"Was your father postmaster forty years ago?"

"My word, no! That was my grandfather. You see, our names are all alike, and the postoffice department doesn't know but that the first one is alive. We inherit this job, don't you know. And my wife's just presented me with a son. There was no haggling over his name."—New York Press.

Ours and Theirs.

"A play on names unconsciously perpetrated by my youngest son was very funny," said a Flatbush man yesterday. "We live next door to a family named Feltenour, and the other night while my family was busy reading in the library we heard a racket on the back porch. My son went out to investigate, and on his return my wife, always inquisitive, asked what had caused the noise.

"'Nothin' but a couple of cats,' Jim told her, and then I heard her ask, 'Did you see whose they were?'

"'Yes; one was ours and the other was Feltenour's.'"—New York Press.

CASTORIA.

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When Valor Balks.

A couple of Kansas men were talking of fearlessness the other day. "All this talk," said one of them, "reminds me of a police officer I knew a number of years ago in western Kansas. This officer was entirely fearless—in fact, the kind of chap who would have charged hades with a single bucket of water. To look down into the barrel of a gun in the other fellow's hand was as placidly accepted an affair for him as to light his pipe. He was sent for one day.

"'What's the matter?' he asked.

"'Cowboy in that room,' said a citizen, designating the place. 'He's wild and dangerous. He's locked himself in, and we're afraid he'll break out and do us harm.'

"So this officer opened the door of the room and looked in. The cowboy had a six shooter in one hand and a stick of dynamite in the other and calmly remarked that he would turn them both loose in case the officer came into the room. The officer considered the thing for a minute. Then he backed away and as he did so remarked:

"'Let him sleep it off. They is times when a man who ain't afraid is a blind fool.'"—Kansas City Journal.

Too Attentive.

"People who write begging letters are entirely too persistent," said a charity official. "They remind me of a summer resort episode. A young man went there for his two weeks' vacation. He put up at a cottage. He paid about $9 a week. Well, when he came to depart this young man said to the boarding mistress:

"'Madam, you have been most attentive to me during my stay here.'

"'Thank you, sir; thank you very much,' said the lady.

"'Yes,' continued the young man, 'you have been most attentive, and not only you, but everybody—everybody in the house, if I may say so—has been most perseveringly attentive to me day and night, and, madam, to show my appreciation I am going to offer you a small present.'

"'How very kind!' said the landlady, and a bright, expectant smile lit up her face. Then the young man thrust into her extended hand a packet of insect powder and retired hastily."

Lady Passenger's Log.

It was blowing rather hard, and there was a nasty sea on an hour and a half before the first breakfast bugle. An officer of an ocean liner hurried along the passage between the staterooms, and a timid voice called to him:

"Oh, Mr. Officer, please stop!"

He turned and saw a dear old lady with a wrapper thrown around her peeping through her half open door.

"Yes, madam," said the officer.

"Mr. Officer, please would you call this a gale?" asked the old lady anxiously.

"Oh, no, madam! There's not the least danger, I assure you."

"Well, is it half a gale?"

"Not even half a gale, and this is such an excellent sea boat that you needn't worry a bit," explained the officer.

"Well, what would you call it, please?" said the lady, steadying herself as the vessel rolled.

"Just a fresh nor'west breeze, madam, with a cross sea running. But, really, there's nothing to fear."

"Thank you so much. I just wanted to get it quite right in my diary, you know."—New York Times.

A Chinese Superstition.

Fengshui is the Chinese superstition that determines good site or locality, and if a town on the Yangtze has not a good fengshui trade will not come to it, and it will be ruined. A town named Pelshih had its pagoda in the wrong place—not far enough down the river—and the result was that all traffic which should have come to it was swept past, Pelshih being left out in the cold. The people pulled down the pagoda and built another one in the supposed right spot, as nothing would convince them that the depression could arise from any other cause than that of a bad fengshui.

The city of Wanshein, on the other hand, has a perfect fengshui, two fine pagodas, and is very prosperous. But the fact that Wanshein is situated in a fertile valley, where wheat, barley and the poppy flourish abundantly, while Pelshih is barren and miserable, does not concern the inhabitants so much as the fengshui site. This remarkable idea in the Chinese mind is only one of thousands like it.

Mastication.

"The body is a manufactory," said a doctor recently. "It has to manufacture bone and blood and muscle and brain out of bread and butter, eggs, beef and milk, and a wonderful process it is. Now, the first part of the process takes place in the mouth, and, as in most factories, the first is the most important. If a wrong start is made, everything that follows is put wrong. If the food isn't well masticated and mixed with the saliva, the stomach, the liver and the intestines are thrown out of gear; consequently most of the more advanced doctors are paying a great deal of attention to the condition of their patients' teeth. They know, to garble Shakespeare a bit, that "good digestion waits on mastication, and health on both."—New York Tribune.

How Letters Strike Our Eyes.

Roman letters of various sizes are commonly called into request by oculists in testing vision. Recent experiments show great differences in the ease with which the various letters are recognized by the same person. T is especially difficult of recognition and is apt to be mistaken for Y. By a similar optical illusion the angle of L is rounded off, making the letter resemble a reversed J. Y is the easiest of all letters to recognize, and O presents little difficulty. K is more easily recognized than H, which resembles it closely, and both N and Z are easily recognized. A is easily guessed at from its general form, but is difficult of positive recognition, including distinct perception of the horizontal line. E and F are among the most difficult of all letters.

Discouraging.

A pompous man went into a drug store early the other morning to buy a cigar. The only person he found there was the soda water dispenser. The boy was sweeping out the store.

"Sweeping out, eh?" said the man. "Well, that's how I got my start."

The boy looked him over and replied, "Aw, what do you want to discourage me like that for?"

When the man left he was frowning.—Denver Post.

Edifying.

Gentleman (looking for rooms)—Did you say a music teacher occupies the next apartment? That cannot be very pleasant. Landlady (eagerly) —, Oh, that's nothing. He has eleven children, and they make so much noise you can't hear the piano.—Harper's Bazar.

Utilizing Her.

"My dear, the hired girl has quit."

"Well, that's all right. Just drop a line to your mother inviting her to visit us. She'll do the housework until we can get another maid."—New York Journal.

Out of Her Reach.

Elsie—Why is Clara always so short of money? Didn't her father leave her a lot? Madge—Yes; but, you see, she's not to get it till she's thirty, and she'll never own up to that."—Boston Transcript.

Opulence.

"What is your idea of happiness?"

"To be able to spend my own money just as if I were going to turn in an expense account when I got home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rank has its bores as well as pleasures.—Beaconsfield.

Willing to Try.

Harold—Couldn't you learn to love me? Amelia—No, but I'll try awfully hard. Papa has promised to send me abroad if my health breaks down from overstudy, you know.—London Scraps.

Men are the sport of circumstances when the circumstances seem the sport of men.—Byron.

An Early Georgia Monster.

In the fore part of August, 1812, a party of hunters found in a mountainous region now known as Rabun county, Ga., a being nearly eight feet high covered with bluish hair and having a human face adorned with immense ears resembling those of an ass. The creature was stone deaf and on that account seemed wholly unconscious of the approach of the men. This monster seems, from all accounts, to have been seen upon several occasions during the next four years. In 1816 a number of adventurers from Virginia, most of them surveyors working up the unexplored portions of Georgia and the Carolinas, formed themselves into a party for the express purpose of capturing the uncanny being if possible. They scoured the hills and valleys for several days and at last returned unsuccessful to the starting point.

The many tales told of this extraordinary being seem to have created quite a stir all along the Atlantic coast. A printed circular issued by a land company in 1815 says, "The climate of Georgia is exceedingly mild, the soil productive, and the danger of attack from uncouth beasts which are represented as being half beast and half man are fairy tales not worthy of consideration."—Exchange.

Made It Quite Clear.

The engineers of a party in the field were continually annoyed by the curiosity of the farmer folk in the country round. Each and every day their progress was blocked by some inquiring soul who would have liked to spend the forenoon acquiring answers to questions of why and whither and how far and what for, relates the New York Sun. At last a serious faced young man took an interested bucolic graybeard one side and explained matters.

"Now," said he, "I'm telling this to you, and I don't want it to go any further. We have discovered that the earth is a parabolic hexoid, and the ordinates and co-ordinates do not quite tally by a foot or perhaps by fourteen inches. The place where the gap comes has been located in that field just ahead of us. We don't want it mentioned, but we are getting ready to blow up the spot and make an incision before beginning the operation of joining the two."

The engineers finished their labors in peace and solitude.

The Shilling Bequest.

The wealthy auctioneer who reduced the inheritance of a daughter to an annuity of £104 because she had become a Socialist reminds one of the old fashioned "cutting off with a shilling." Why a shilling rather than nothing? Blackstone explains. The Romans used to set aside wills as deficient in natural duty if they disinherited or totally passed by any child of the testator. But the smallest legacy was accepted as evidence that the testator had not lost his reason or his memory, as the law otherwise assumed he had; hence the groundless belief in England that a father could not disinherit his child without a shilling, although the English law knows no presumption of insanity or forgetfulness in such a case. Of Sheridan and his son Tom (and of other fathers and sons) the story is told: "Father—I'll cut you off with a shilling. Son—I'd rather have it now, dad."—St. James' Gazette.

Appealed to His Pride.

It was the most obstinate mule in the lot and refused to enter the car of a train held up at a little wayside station. Threats, cajolery and blows were alike useless. The mule refused to budge, and the slant of his ears told those of the passengers who were familiar with mule ear talk that where he was he intended to stay. Then the aged African who was trying to load him in said in honeyed tones:

"Whuffo' yo' behave dis way befo' all dese strange people? Why, yo' fool mule, doan' yo' know dat dese people will jes' believe dat yo' neber done trabeled befo' in all yo' life?"

The long ears lost their aggressive slant, and the beast went sedately up the inclined plank with the air of a man entering a drawing room car for the first time and determined not to betray the fact.—Exchange.

To Lady Correspondents.

Our young lady correspondents will confer a favor if they will write on only one side of the paper. We mean, of course, by this correspondence intended for the paper. As to the other, not intended for publication, we don't care if they write on all four sides and even across it.—Sylvania (Ga.) Telephone.

Probably on the Team.

"Such ignorance is inexcusable!" exclaimed Aunt Hypatia. "My nephew Percival has been going to college nearly three years, and when I asked him this morning whether he knew anything about Homer he said: 'Sure! A homer is a hit that's good for four bases.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Out of Date Now.

"Tommy, you have written this sentence, 'The pen is mightier than the sword,' and it is incorrect. How should it be changed?"

"Pen ought to be changed to typewriter, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Posed.

As a New York photographer bowed a sallow, tottering woman of middle age out of his studio he closed the door gently and turned to a waiting customer.

"That beats the Dutch," said he. "There's a woman who has been in bed two weeks and whose doctor supposes she is there at this moment. She is convinced that she is near death, and as she hasn't had any picture of herself taken since she was a child she got out of bed despite a friend's protest, dressed and came here to sit to me in order that she may leave a photograph to her husband, who is a traveling man and now in the far west.

"When a woman will she will. But that's a queer gamble with the big shadow, all right."—New York Globe.

The Force of Example.

Jimmy Brice swung the big road car into the winding drive, took the sharp curve by the house on two wheels and brought up at the steps with an abruptness that all but sent him headlong through the wind shield.

On the wide veranda Colonel Thornton was pacing agitatedly to and fro, his lips set tight and his keen old eyes flashing fire.

"It's come at last, just as I expected," he raved as the car came to its spectacular stop. "Matel has gone with that young upstart, Nixon—gone—gone—eloped—do you understand? That's why I sent for you. I'd go with you myself if riding in the wind didn't bring on my asthma so. I'd go with you and make it hot for him, I swear I would. As it is you'll have to take Nell. She'll know what to do. Ho, Nell! Nell!" he called suddenly through the open front door. "Here's Jimmy in the racer. Hurry up! You haven't a minute to lose!"

Light footsteps pattered on the stairs. On the veranda came Nell Thornton.

"They've gone across the State line to Northville, of course," the colonel declared. "You can get them if you hurry. Let out that car, Jimmy. Don't let 'em make it ahead of you."

Jimmy opened up the car and down the drive they went at a reckless pace, swung into the road and went whirling toward Northville, leaving in their wake a cloud of dust that rose even above the tree tops.

Once they reached a straight stretch of road Brice leaned toward the girl beside him.

"We'll overtake 'em yet if they have not too much of a start," he declared.

"How long have they been gone?"

"Half an hour," she answered.

"Then we've got 'em," said he, encouragingly. "Of course, we've got to head this thing off."

"Of course," she agreed, but somehow Jimmy was impressed with the idea that she was not over enthusiastic about it.

"I almost wish we could let 'em go," said he. "She's desperately in love with him, and Nixon isn't a half bad chap."

"That's impossible," said she. "She's nothing but a child. I almost think if she had been firm with papa he would have consented, but to try to take the matter in her own hands this way has sent him into a frightful rage."

"They reached a fork in the road. One branch led to Northville, the other to Standish.

Jimmy swung the car into the left-hand branch of the road and gave it full speed again.

"What are you going to do when you catch up with them?" he asked.

"I shall be very firm, and you must back me up."

All right," he agreed cheerfully. "Of course I will, but honestly, Nell, I hate like fury to butt in."

"You're not going to desert me at the critical moment, are you?" she questioned, anxiously.

"Sure I'm not. Watch me," he laughed.

The soft May dusk was coming on. They shot past houses in which the lights were already beginning to twinkle.

"Seems to me we ought to be getting a squint at them pretty soon," said he.

"There's a car ahead," she cried suddenly. "Hurry—oh, hurry!"

The road car seemed fairly to lift itself from the ground. They sped up to the car ahead, but its occupants were a middle-aged couple who looked up in mild reproof as they tore past. Jimmy Brice laughed. "Fooled again!" he mocked. "I believe they're going to make it, after all."

"They mustn't—they mustn't," said the girl. "Can't we go any faster?"

Jimmy shook his head. "This is her best speed," he declared.

Now they had reached the outskirts of Northville. With honking horn and undiminished speed they tore along the elm-lined streets.

"They've got here ahead of us, all right," said Jimmy. "Our only hope is to interrupt the ceremony before it's too late. Where'll they go? Have you any idea?"

"The parsonage of the brick church," the girl explained. "That is where all such couples head for, I believe."

They turned a corner. Just ahead was a little church, nestling beneath giant elms, and beside the church was a snug little parsonage.

The car came to a stop. Jimmy and the girl both leaped out and ran up the path to belabor the polished brass knocker on the front door. An elderly woman in cap and apron answered their strident summons, and smiled upon them knowingly.

"Stop right into the parlor, if you please," she invited.

"Has a couple been here recently—little girl, blond, and man, tall and dark?" Jimmy asked pantingly.

"Yes, they're in the study now," said the woman.

Without a word of explanation Jimmy pushed past her, and with the girl following after, he strode into a room where a pleasant faced clergyman was reading the marriage service sonorously. Jimmy took a step forward, stopped, chuckled and turned to Nell beside him. The couple was not the one they sought.

Then even as they stood there in embarrassed silence they heard the couple pronounced man and wife.

"And now, my young friends," said the clergyman tentatively, advancing in their direction.

"Have you married any other couple to-day?" Nell gasped.

The clergyman shook his head.

"Of course, you haven't your licenses," he said to Jimmy. "Fortunately the clerk of the town lives next door, and if you will kindly give me the necessary information I'll see about them for you."

Jimmy began to chuckle. He was about to explain to the clergyman his mistake when suddenly he squared his shoulders, looked quickly at Nell and then faced his interlocutor resolutely. And almost before the girl was aware of what was happening Jimmy had given the requested information, and the clergyman had tripped out to secure the licenses next door.

"Jimmy," she gasped as the door closed behind the retiring parson. "Jimmy! for goodness sakes!"

Jimmy Brice took her hand in his own. "Nell, dear, I've waited so long, and we've missed Mabel and Nixon, anyway, and this is such a bully clergyman—a real gentleman of the old school—"

"If you will be good enough to stand before me here," said the clergyman when he came back.

"Come!" said Jimmy gently, and the girl arose.

Stars were twinkling drowsily in a cloudless sky when they once more turned into the winding drive and found the colonel still pacing the veranda.

"What do you think?" he bellowed as they drew up to the steps. "They didn't go to Northville. They took the 5.26 train for the city, and were married there. Had the impudence to send me a telegram, Nixon did, asking my forgiveness, mind you—confound his impertinence! So you've had your trip for nothing!"

"Have we?" said Jimmy, helping the blushing Nell from the car. "Oh, I'm not so sure of that, colonel. Step into the library with me, if you will. I've something important to tell you. Matrimony seems to have struck this family to-day in a veritable epidemic."—Kenyon Sands, in New Haven Register.

Girl You'd Hate to Trust.

She who is sugary sweet until she thinks she is alone. Far better be like an alligator pear with the roughness on the outside than resemble the tempting wild plum with bitterness within.

The girl who is careless to return small loans. This habit may spring from heedlessness, but it bears watching.

She who flatters you while she never has a good word for any one else.

The girl who openly boasts of the married men who are in love with her.

The girl who gushes over her love for her parents while she lets her overworked mother mend and launder for her and spends more than her father can afford.

She who dresses lavishly on a small income. There is a distinction between looking well on little and cutting a splurge on nothing a year.

The girl who says she "dotes on children," but whose small brothers and sisters shun her.

She who is prinked out for show view—and a sight when caught unawares. The man who contemplates matrimony should make it a point to set his Angelina off guard.

The girl who is horrified at calling a spade by its "right name," but whose taste in literature is lurid.

She who has great tales of her prowess as a worker, but who never sees any work to be done. The real workers of the world rarely discuss what they do and never need logs for its doing.

The English Three R's.

We are constantly being misunderstood by the foreigners, says Clarence Rook, and the Frenchman of whom the following story is told contrived to do us something less than justice.

He had been on a visit to this Country in order to study at first hand the social manners of the English people.

On returning to his native land he was asked by a friend whether he had discovered the meaning of the mysterious "three R's."

"Oh, I found out what they were on the first day of my visit!" said he.

"And what are they, then?"

"Rippin', rotten and right-o!" replied the triumphant Frenchman.—London Mail.

Run to Earth.

The Parson—The Jones family looks very sheepish this morning. I wonder what the trouble is?

The elder—I understand that they discovered last night that Jone's medical book, his wife's French novel and Willie's "Diamond Dick" were occupying the same hiding place.—Puck.

The Modern Way.

"My dear, you must really take Freddy in hand about the way he uses slang. Today he asked me what entomology was, and I told him the science of bugs."

"Well?"

"Then he asked me if an entomologist was a crazy man."—Baltimore American.

Lots of Chatter.

"What is he playing?"

"Oh, Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words', you know."

"Hm! Well, the audience seems to be doing their best to supply the deficiency."—London Bystander.

A Long Way off.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.

A Good Answer.

A shopkeeper had for his virtues claimed the name of "the little rascal." A stranger asked him why the appellation had been given to him.

"To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great rascals."

A Zealous Convert.

A country convert, full of zeal, in his first prayer meeting remarks offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."

Dominie Campbell was one day watching a carpenter making repairs in his house. The carpenter whistled "Maggie Lauder," as he labored and worked in time to the tune. "Saunders," said the dominie presently, "can you no whustle a more solemn and godly tune while yo're at work?" Ay, weel, minister, if it be your will," and he immediately changed the tune to the "Dead March in Saul," still planing in time to the music. The worthy dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said: "Saunders, I hae another word to say till ye. Did the guid wife hire ye by the day's work or by the job?" "The day's work was our agreein', minister." "Then on the whole, Saunders, I think ye may jist as well go back to whustling 'Maggie Lauder!'"—Birmingham Post.

A certain young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When in ample time to avoid being buried he showed signs of life he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

"Dead," he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry.

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well, this way: I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry and if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Intelligent Mule.

"Some people think mules haven't much intelligence, but I know they have," was the way a commercial traveler interrupted a story teller. "Now, take the town I come from. While I was home on a visit last year the place was all wrought up over the systematic stealing of flowers from the graves in our leading cemetery. The thing had been going on some time, and the people were shocked, of course. Finally a guard was posted and the thief captured, and the thief was a mule.

"It didn't take long to get at all the facts. It seems that a certain woman living near the cemetery had held up the mule's owner, who was beating the animal, prosecuted him for cruelty, then bought the mule and turned it out to pasture. The mule was so grateful to the woman that every night it would jump the pasture fence, go into the cemetery, pick up the freshest bunch of flowers it could find, carry them to the woman's house and deposit them on the front stoop, where she would find them in the morning. Now, when you talk of intelligence in animals"—

"Good night," said the man whom the commercial traveler had interrupted.—New York Globe.

Safer.

"Your political antagonist is calling you every name he can think of," said the agitated friend.

"Don't interrupt him," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts."—Washington Star.

The Way It Seemed.

"The longest days of the year are in June, pa, but when are the shortest?"

"Sometimes in July and sometimes in August, depending upon when your mother takes her vacation."—New York Press.

Foresight is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish, and castles are at any rate better than dungeons in the air.—Sir John Lubbock.

Household Hints.

When washing silver with soda use the baking soda, not the coarse washing soda. In order to retain the high lustre use hot soapsuds to which has been added a little baking soda.

To keep salt from forming lumps add a little cornstarch to it, about a teaspoonful of cornstarch to six of the salt.

Cup custard is sometimes served instead of whipped cream with fruit tarts. When a plain cup custard is to be served alone for dessert, a macaroon, dipped in wine, may be placed in the bottom of each cup and the custard poured over it.

A green pepper cut in rings or minced is a tasty addition to almost any vegetable salad.

Sliced tomatoes arranged on lettuce leaves, sprinkled lightly with minced tarragon and dressed with mayonnaise make as tasty a salad as one would find with far greater effort.

For the roast or cold lamb course serve an egg salad sprinkled with minced mint leaves.

An equal quantity of diced celery and pineapple dressed with a delicious mayonnaise and garnished with nut meats and celery tips is an attractive enough salad for any occasion.

When all the other changes have been rung on the salad repertoire make cream cheese into balls, roll them in powdered nut meats and serve them with mayonnaise on lettuce leaves.

Kind of Him.

"No, dear," said he, "I don't intend to have you do your own work after we are married."

"Is that so, dear?" she cooed.

"Yes," he went on. "I have just been looking up your business affairs and I find that you are perfectly able to keep a hired girl."—Detroit Free Press.

His Specialty.

Bacon—When he was out camping did your brother kill much? Egbert—He nearly killed everybody in the camp. He was the cook.

Power, unless managed with gentleness and discretion, does but make man the more hated. No intervals of good humor, no starts of bounty, will atone for tyranny and oppression.—Jeremy Collier.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

There are more than 30,000 vessels in the world of 100 tons or more.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

The actual valuation of all tobacco produced and manufactured in Cuba last year was at least $45,000,000.

Nature is twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

The revenues from the Prussian income tax in 1907 were $50,500,000.

Have as equal as prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

The German mile is four times longer than the English.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person" so they all say, and their husbands say so, too!

Exaggerated Cruelty.

A well known gentleman took horse exercise daily, accompanied by a magnificent bloodhound, until he conceived an enthusiasm for cycling, when he altered the program by leaving the bloodhound at home and taking as his companion a fine dachshund.

The pair were passing through a village recently when a laboring youth remarked to his "pal:"

"If Oi wor prolne minister Oi'd put a stop ter this 'ere bicyclin' business."

"Why?" queried the other.

"Cos it owt ter be stopped, if only for th' sake o' that dog as is a-puffin' along behind thear," rejoined the first speaker. "It ain't sport; it's cruelty to hanimals."

His companion disagreed and said he thought the dog benefited by the exercise.

"Exercise!" retorted the other scornfully. "D'ye call that exercise? You never saw that dog afore 'is master started bikin', did yer?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well," said the youth, "'e wor one o' th' finest bloodhounds you iver clapped heyes on, an' wot's 'e now? 'Is body's dwindled away to nowt, while 'is legs is worn clean darn to th' stumps. Oi repeat, it's cruelty ter hanimals."—London Bystander.

Got His Money's Worth.

A lady palmist was recently prosecuted, and an amusing incident was noted in connection with the case. One of the witnesses called by the police was an individual who did not appear to be overburdened with intelligence. During a smart cross examination defendant's counsel asked him:

"On first going into the room did you pay a shilling fee to the defendant?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What did she tell you in return for the money?"

"Oh," said the witness, "she towld me lots o' things, some on 'em true, some on 'em half true an' some on 'em less."

"Now," continued the counsel after the laughter had died away, "this is the point I wish to get at: Was there any attempt at imposition? Did you lady impose upon you at all?"

"Oh, dear, no!" was the response. "I knowed it wor all gammon, so there couldn't be no imposition. Besides, it wor a bad shillin' as I guv her, to start with!"—London Tit-Bits.

Marriage in Picardy.

A Picardy custom, founded on a broad basis of common sense as well as the idea of complete partnership, is that which puts a new bride through a kind of examination in the trade of her husband. It may, of course, have become something of a burlesque, and the bride may purposely show less dexterity than she need. Still, the consideration of the wife as a helpmate is very clearly shown in the performance. If the young wife's husband be a farmer, she will be asked to harness a horse and cart and to harrow a small piece of land. If her choice has fallen on an ironworker, she must hammer a piece of iron; if on a miller, she must measure out wheat from a basket at the church door; if on a smith, she is supposed to be able to strike the anvil; if on a sailor, she has to clean and mend some netting, and so on with the other occupations. Evidently the keeping of an idle wife is not understood in Picardy.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Whale and Elephant Meat.

There is something unpleasant about the thought of eating whale meat, but it is said that the reality is very palatable. Japan has quite a trade in canned and salted whale meat, and there is to be a campaign to educate the European peoples to like it. Some whaling companies have distributed from their headquarters samples of canned whale meat, and those who have eaten it describe it as tenderer than beef and much like it in taste.

Whale steak seems no queerer than Frankfort sausage made out of an elephant, which is what some German people have been eating. An enterprising butcher over there, hearing that an unruly elephant in the Ghent zoological gardens was to be killed, engaged the carcass. He made 8,800 pounds of sausage out of it and sold every pound at good prices.

Friends.

"Dear friends," said the philosopher, "are scarce items in this world. They are too few to be counted."

"What d'ye call a friend?" he was asked.

"A friend," he replied, "is one who would lend you money if you wanted it and to whom you would lend money—if you had it."—New York Times.

Mr. Manning's Grudge.

Mrs. Manning—Do you think it is right to let that Greyson fellow keep company with our Martha? Mr. Manning—No, I can't say that it is. Young Greyson is a nice chap, but I've a grudge against his father, and I don't care if the son has to suffer for it.—Exchange.

An Alibi.

Examiner—What is an alibi? Candidate For the Bar—An alibi is committing a crime in one place when you are in another place. If you can be in two other places the alibi is all the stronger in law.—Puck.

Knew Him.

"Yes, I'm anxious to get my daughter off my hands, I'll admit."

"Then why don't you let her marry me?"

"What good would that do?"—Cleveland Leader.

Who would not have feet set on his neck let him not stoop.—Italian Proverb.

"There's just one thing I want to say to you," began Mrs Acid to her husband.

"Only one, M'ria?" queried he solicitously. "Aren't you feeling well?"

CASTORIA.
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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

NOTES.

SHEARMAN ITEMS—Tombstone of Capt. Henry Sherman, in Gardner burial place, near Wickford, R. I.

Sacred
to the memory of
Capt.
Henry Sherman
Who d Ap 8, 1830,
in the 68 year
of his age.

Amos Gardiner and his wife are buried next. They were the parents of Mary Gardiner, who was Henry Sherman's first wife. Henry Sherman, Jr. has a tombstone in St. Paul's Church Yard, Wickford.

Henry G. Sherman d at sea, July 31, 1810, ag 25 y; also Mary his wife, d. Mar 24, 1838, ag 52 y.

Lydia Sherman, wife of John H. Sherman, died December 4, 1809, aged 70 years.——Tombstone on the old homestead of Eber and Martha(Remington) Sherman.

John H. Sherman(8),of North Kingstown, and Lucy Sheldon, of Exeter, married at Exeter, Sept. 5, 1810.——Vital records, Vol. 5, page 29. (Exeter.)

DEED—John H. Sherman, of Exeter and Lucy his wife, to Lowry(4) Sherman. Recorded Feb. 12, 1813.——N.K. Land Evidence, Vol. 18, B, page 231.

Lowry (4) Sherman married Abigail Potter April 11, 1797.—Newport Mercury of that date.

Administration of estate of Lowry (4)Sherman granted to Sylvester G.(5) Sherman, December 29, 1828. Recorded December 30, 1828.—North Kingstown Probate Records, Vol. 25, page 226.

Inventory of Lowry (4) Sherman presented by Abigail, widow of Lowry, January—, 1829.—Vol. 25, page 226.

In Wickford, suddenly, on the 6th, instant, Mr. NATHANIEL J.(4) SHERMAN, father of the Hon, S.G. (5) SHERMAN, and for many years a merchant in that village in the 79th year of his age.—Providence Journal, Thursday, Jan. 10, 1856.

QUERIES.

6503. SHIPPEE—My gt. grandfather, Aaron Bird, who was born in Dorchester, Mass., Jan 17, 1753 and who lived and died there (Nov 21, 1807.) Married one Ann Shipple or Shippee. The marriage is not recorded in Dorchester, and no doubt it took place in some other town. Ann (Shippee) Bird died in Dorchester, Mch 26, 1811, aged 77 yrs, making her birth in 1733-4.

Durries Index to American Pedigrees, classifies, Shipple and Shippee as one family, and mentions only two separate Founders. One is Thomas Shipple, living in Charlestown, Mass., and the other David Shippee living in Rhode Island. The former is found in "Wyman's Genealogist and Estates of Charlestown, Mass" p 863, where it states that, Thomas Shipple was 40 yrs old in 1680 &c. There is no promising clew to the Ann Shipple, wife of Aaron Bird, above mentioned, in this work. "Austin's Rhode Island Genealogical Dictionary" p 179, gives the descendants of David Shippee to the 3rd generation only. There is a granddaughter named Ann, birth not given, but who was probably too old for the Ann who m Aaron Bird. There may have been one Ann of the 4th generation of the correct age. Wanted the birth and lineage of the Ann Shipple who m Aaron Bird above. He was 1st Lieut. Rev. War.—A. C.

6504. HOWLAND. COLSON—One Abraham Howland, who was born 1675, and who lived in Pembroke, Mass., married 1703-4 Ann Colson of Newport, R. I. Her father was Nathaniel Colson of Newport.

Wanted the dates of birth and marriage of Ann Colson and her lineage. I seek to ascertain the dates of birth, marriage and death and the place of residence of all [illegible] of ancestors.—A. C.

6505. W[illegible]—Who was Daniel Willcocks whose will was dated Sept 21, 1766, recorded in Newport, R. I. Nov 3, 1766? The inventory was presented by John Gardner and Charles Spencer Nov 3, 1766.—W. G.

6506. ANTHONY.—Who were the ancestors of Penelope Anthony who married Samuel Lawton, daughter of Giles of Portsmouth R. I. October 1801?—M.N.

6507. RHODES.—In 1734 Abigail Rhodes of Southampton L. I. willed to her nephew Benjamin Hering certain lands in Newport R.I. This land was sold by the Herings to the Browns I think. I would like to learn where Abigail Rhodes acquired the property. She was a sister of Zerviah Rhodes who married Samuel Hering of Southampton. They were married in Newport. —K. S. H.

6508 BARLOW. STEDMAN.—Who were the parents of Lydia Barlow who married Thomas Stedman of South Kingstown R. I.? He was the son of Thomas Stedman and his wife Mary Perry. It is a family tradition that the elder Thomas served as a Lieutenant during the Revolution. Would like to verify this tradition. He had a brother William in the service and a son Perry who was a drummer boy. Thomas who married Mary Perry was son of Thomas Stedman who married Hannah McCoone daughter of Daniel. The older Thomas was living in 1770. The Thomas who married Lydia Barlow was born 1765 or 1766 and was married between 1785 and 1790 as their daughter was born in Western Massachusetts in 1801, and she had older brothers and sisters. According to family tradition Lydia was an orphan when married and inherited quite a bit of property. She had a relative presumably a sister who married a Judson and was the mother of Lyman Judson the preacher. She also had cousins perhaps of the name of Cornell who moved to western New York. I feel sure that this was the old Sandwich family of Barlow and would be grateful for any light on the subject.—G. M. P.

6509. SEABURY. TOMPKINS—Wanted. The place and date of the marriage of Benjamin Seabury and Elizabeth Thompkins, said to have been in Newport, R. I., between 1805 and 1815. —J. L. W.

Block Island.

Mrs. Hamilton L. Mott's eighty-second birthday was celebrated on Thursday, November 4, at her home.

The day was an ideal one and most of the immediate family was present, including children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Mrs. Mott has good health and all her faculties well preserved for a woman of her age.

She was always lively and ready to see the humorous side of things and still retains the ability to crack a joke as quickly as anyone. The table was bountifully spread with good things, all being prepared by her own self (by choice), and the little company enjoyed it far more greatly than she did in preparing it. The family each donated some gift just to express their lovable feeling and best wishes for a good many more years of health and happiness.

Mrs. Mott is one of the oldest members of the First Baptist Church here, having for many years lived a good, devoted Christian. The community at large gives her best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

Portsmouth.

The annual town meeting on Tuesday resulted as follows.

Moderator.	
Henry Anthony	205
Town Clerk.	
George R. Hicks	224
Town Council.	
Warren R. Sherman	185
John L. Collman	180
Robert R. Manchester	181
Henry F. Anthony	188
M. A. Steele	157
For School Committee (three years)	
Henry F. Anthony	181
Frederick A. Coggeshall	175
Benjamin C. Boyd	173
For Tax Assessors.	
John L. Borden	180
Arthur L. Borden	185
James F. Sherman	181
Bradford Norman	157
Albert W. Lawrence	161
William Barclay	162
William A. Smith	176
For Town Treasurer.	
Benjamin Tallman	200
For Tax Collector.	
William B. Anthony	188
For Town Sergeant.	
Owen Reilly	180
For Justice of the Peace.	
Isaac Chace	169
John L. C. Harrington	150

Election of Officers.

Newport Yacht Club.

Commodore—William M. Arnold.
Vice Commodore—George H. Draper.
Rear Commodore—Edward T. Treichel.
Secretary—James P. Cozzens.
Treasurer—John S. Coggeshall.
Measurer—J. Everett Benson.
House Committee—Samuel Bailey, J. A. Allen, V. R. Anderson, J. W. Wilson, H. A. Whipple.
Regatta Committee—J. G. Costello, C. S. Plummer, William Kerr, F. S. McLellan, W. D. Harald.
Library Committee—George B. Austin, Hugh L. Taylor, Dr. Frank Corbett.
Model Committee—Frank Scannevin, Henry D. Root.
Financial Committee—John H. Scannevin, Abner L. Slocum, Alex. Fraser.
Entertainment Committee — George S. Gardner, J. T. Delano, Jr.

Boston's troubles have just begun. The people have adopted one of these freak charters, the same as Newport and a few other cities throughout the country have, where the officers are put in nomination only by nomination papers. The result in Boston—fifteen candidates for Mayor are already in the field, and the official announcement that the charter was adopted last Tuesday has not yet been made. The election does not come off until near the middle of January. It looks now as though the crop of candidates would be a very prolific one. Whoever is elected Mayor of that city must in the nature of things be a minority mayor.

Rev. Richard Arnold Greene has returned to Princeton, N. J., to spend the winter.

In Old Bohemia.

"I would like to meet some of the picturesque long haired knights of the pen and palette," said the unsophisticated stranger. "It is worth a dollar to meet a real bohemian."

"Don't worry about its being worth [illegible]," [illegible] the cubic. "Just as soon as you meet a real bohemian he'll ask you to loan him [illegible]."—Chicago News.

A Bit of [illegible].

The following entry was discovered the other day in the complaint book of a Melbourne club, which numbers several Irishmen among its members:

"The hot water in the lavatory today was quite cold, and there was none of it."

It was in the handwriting of a well known doctor.

Cheated Him.

Mr. Newlywed—So you've been buying more useless truck! We have absolutely no use for those curtains. Have I not told you to stop buying things just because they were cheap?

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes, my dear, and I've obeyed you. Those curtains were not at all cheap.

Two Likes.

"I like your nerve!" gasped the beautiful girl, struggling against the inevitable.

"And I like your cheek!" chuckled the young man as he continued the osculatory exercise.—Philadelphia Record.

In a Big Hurry.

Bingham—I believe in taking time by the forelock. Mrs. Bingham—I notice that you tear a sheet off the calendar before the month is over.—New York Press.

"Foiled again!" said the diamond drop as he was surrounded in his silver wrapping.—Harvard Lampoon.

WE'D LIKE TO

Call this the Bargain Store, if it wasn't that you'd at once begin to think us selling the poorer sort of stuff that looks well for a while but soon shows its shabbiness and proves to you that if you paid but half what you were told 'twas worth; you got but half value.

Best, or not at all—that's the only rule we know; but it's always so much littler priced here that we'd really like to say—for instance

Iron Bed Bargains.

No better beds at any price can be bought. The castings are perfectly finished and the enamel is BAKED on. Our three stores are among the biggest handlers of metal beds in New England. Doesn't that explain to you why they should be bargain-priced here? Over 60 patterns on our sample floor for you to select from—at from $2.75

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

You Would Enjoy a Week-end Trip In the Berkshire Hills.

Country life in the Berkshires puts vim and vigor into a man. You are 1,000 feet or more above the sea. You breathe a dry, bracing atmosphere that makes the blood dance like wine in your veins.

Plenty of good places to stay. The accommodations that are offered you at Berkshire Hills farmhouses and boarding cottages are ever so much better than the average, and you are charged surprisingly little for such excellent fare. If you want more luxurious accommodations there are magnificent hotels at Pittsfield, Lenox, Great Barrington, Lee, Stockbridge and Sheffield that offer you every convenience that can possibly minister to your pleasure and comfort.

Send for illustrated book, "In the Berkshire Hills." It's free.
Write A. B. SMITH, G. P. A., Room 103, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. They cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

RECORDS BROKEN BY NORTH DAKOTA

Speed of 22:25 Knots Attained by New Turbine Battleship

Rockland, Me., Nov. 5.—In her runs over a measured mile course off here for standardization purposes, the new turbine battleship North Dakota proved to be the fastest "Dreadnaught" afloat, for she reached the maximum speed of 22.25 knots an hour, but without tidal corrections, which will be slightly against her.

This is much faster time than her sister ship, the Delaware, attained in her trials off here several weeks ago, as the latter's best speed was at the rate of 21.98 knots an hour, made with reciprocating engines.

The North Dakota's average speed was at the rate of 21.833 knots an hour, showing that she can easily fulfill the contract requirements of 21 knots. The Delaware's average was 21.44 knots.

MARRIED YOUNG STUDENT

Probate Judge Appoints Conservator Over Seventy-Year-Old Bride

Hartford, Nov. 5.—Judge Marvin of the probate court appointed the Connecticut Trust and Safe Deposit company conservator over Mrs. Lucinda C. Goddard, aged 70, who a few weeks ago was married to Charles R. Goddard, 23 years old, a member of the junior class in Yale law school.

The petition for a conservator was presented by Mrs. Goddard's son, Edwin Treat. Mrs. Goddard is very wealthy.

Judge Marvin stated that, while silly actions which formed so large a part of the testimony in the trial did not necessarily betoken an inability to handle her affairs, he was "unable to escape the conclusion that her subsequent marriage gives to all these actions a different character."

ROBBED FATHER'S BANK

Desire to Secure a Husband Prompted Girl to Steal Nearly $30,000

Chicago, Nov. 5.—Miss Angeline Schmidt, the [illegible]-year-old daughter of [illegible] Schmidt, a banker, appeared in court ready to tell on the witness stand a [illegible] story. She told the police [illegible] that she had stolen nearly $30,000 from her father's bank to give to an uncle and [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Heard In a Restaurant.

"Say, waiter, I'm in a hurry. What can you give me for breakfast?"

"Can't give yer nothin', but yer kin git ham an' eggs for a quarter."

"Well, give me two poached eggs on toast."

Calling, "Adam and Eve on a raft."

"And, say, waiter, by the way, have the eggs turned."

Calling again, "Wreck 'em!"

"Oh, say, waiter, how long will my omelet be?"

"About eight inches, I guess."

"Waiter, why don't you put a button on that apron?"

"Asked the old woman to sew a button on last night. She couldn't find one, so she sewed up the buttonhole."

"See here, waiter, don't take that plate away with the apple peeling on. I believe the peel is just as wholesome as the fruit and, in fact, contains more nutriment. The very idea!"

"Well, why don't you live on pineapple skins?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Speed of Light.

Light holds the record for high speed among all moving things that have been measured. It travels at the rate of 328,028,880 yards a second. This is faster than thinking, even by the most quick witted person. Let any reader try to think the simplest thought and then with the aid of a stop watch note how long it has taken him to think it. He will then be able to understand how slow his mental operations are compared to the speed of light.

The amount of money you pay for a piano, if spent at this store, will give you more real value than you can possibly get elsewhere. If you would call we would take pleasure in proving it.

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

1910

DIARIES

Now Ready

—AT—

CARR'S

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

The Quickest Way

To run to the corner grocery, market, druggist, butler, doctor, in fact most any merchant or friend is not to run at all—stay right at home and be comfortable. Telephone service saves a lot of running and is fully as effective.

PROVIDENCE

TELEPHONE CO.

Newport, R. I., 112 Spring Street,
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, August 18th, A. D. 1909.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 1851, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 31 day of August, A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court, November 23, A. D. 1909, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1909, in favor of Rose V. Wood, of said City of Newport and doing business in said City of Newport, under the name and style of "Herman", plaintiff, and against Ruth Moulton alias Mildred Dean alias Jane Doe, of the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 30 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Ruth Moulton alias, had on the 7th day of May, A. D. 1909, at 2 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northerly, on Slocum street, 60 feet; Easterly, on land of John J. and Alice Murphy, 60 feet; Southerly, on land of John W. Sterling and John L. Nelcher, 60 feet, and Westerly, on other land of Herbert L. Dyer, 60 feet, being lot No. 65 conveyed to Herbert L. Dyer by John W. Sterling et al., by deed dated April 27, 1909, being the same premises conveyed to Ruth Ann Moulton by deed dated September 1st, 1909, and recorded in Book 88, at page 158, of the Records of Deeds of the City of Newport at the office of the City Clerk thereof.

Westerly, on a court lying between the herein granted premises and land of Robert W. Curry, 65 feet; Easterly, on Chapel street, 33 feet; Southerly, on other land of these grantors (Pascall H. Stedman et al.), 65 feet, and westerly on other land of these grantors (Pascall H. Stedman et al.), 65 feet, containing 2122 square feet, more or less, being the same premises conveyed to John D. Dickson by deed from Pascall H. Stedman, dated November 27th, 1903, and recorded in Book No. 88, at page 111, of the Records of Deeds of Newport as aforesaid. Be the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1909, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

10-23-4w

TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN.

Tax Notice.

FOR the convenience of the tax payers of Middletown the undersigned will be at the National Exchange Bank, Washington Square, on Saturday mornings, November 13, 20 and 27, from 9 until 12 o'clock, and at Charles Tisdall & Co.'s, 130 Broadway, at all days during the month.

The following vote was passed by the town: Voted and Resolved, That all taxes assessed and not paid by the first Monday of December next, A. D. 1909, shall then bear interest, and interest shall be charged and collected thereon at the rate of twelve per centum per annum until paid.

Taxes are now ready for collection.

R. H. WHEELER,
Collector of Taxes,
Melville Station, Newport, R. I.

10-30-4w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, October 28th, 1909.

Estate of David A. Patt.

REQUEST in writing is made by Kathleen Patt of said Newport, widow of David A. Patt, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Frank W. Tillinghast of Providence, Rhode Island, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fifteenth day of November next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

10-30-3w

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKER

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of Philadelphia.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.

9-25-tf

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

10-17

Clerk—Mrs Jones complains that her photographs don't look like her. Photographer—Complains! She ought to be grateful.

To accuse the wicked and defend the wretched is an honor.—Cicero.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-22-tf

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

5-2-tf

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BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET

Near 50th st Subway Station, 53d St. Elevated and all surface lines.

Near Depots, Shops and Central Park

New & Fireproof

Strictly First Class. Rates Reasonable. $2.50 with bath, and up.

All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 20 Theatres

Excellent Restaurant Prices moderate.

Send for booklet

HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.
R. J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

5-29-tf

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

5-2-tf

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

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